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AMERICA'S GREAT WAR EFFORT

BY ROBERT MACHRAY

'UNPREPARED' is the only word which fits the case of the United States when it declared war on Germany. No country in the history of the world ever entered on a great war so unready for such a tremendous undertaking as was America. It is in the light of this fact that judgment must be passed on the effort which the Republic has made and is making. Only when this is realized can anything like an adequate impression be obtained of the vast military and industrial achievement of the United States since it ranged itself on the side of the Allies. The unofficial campaign for 'national preparedness,' which had been carried on most energetically throughout the Union for many months before President Wilson pronounced for war, was to a large extent a failure. It received no support from the Administration, and its appeal, seen in retrospect to have been made on the strongest grounds, left the majority of the American people untouched. As they were firmly entrenched in the belief that they had no interest in the struggle, except to garner profits for themselves, they saw no reason for the adoption of such a measure as the institution of

universal military service which was strenuously advocated by the National Security League and other exponents of preparedness. In their attitude they were encouraged by the President himself, by the success, which neither he nor they perceived to be unreal, of his policy in 1916 with respect to restraining German submarine action, and by the general tone of the speeches of those leading politicians to whom they were wont to look for guidance. No doubt pro-German influences also were at work, confirming them in their convictions that the war was no affair of theirs, and never would be their affair. That the United States would not go to war they regarded as a certainty. What occurred proved that it was no certainty, but an impossible dream, from which it would have been well for America and the world if they had awakened much sooner than they did, or had been awakened much earlier than they were. Can anyone doubt that if America had thrown its whole strength into the conflict immediately after the sinking of the *Lusitania*, as indeed was urged by some prominent Americans, the war, if not already determined against Germany, would

be in a position very different from that in which it stands to-day? The great liner was torpedoed in the first week of May, 1915, and nearly two years, with their teaching to the same effect, had to elapse before the United States understood the full meaning of that sinister act.

Many Americans now admit that the armed intervention of the United States on behalf of the Allies, and even more on behalf of itself, should have dated from the destruction of the *Lusitania*, accompanied, as it was, with the loss of more than a hundred of its citizens. But neither that event, nor other events similar in nature if less in degree, caused the Government of the United States to prepare for participation in the war till Germany announced her intention of putting no restriction on the warfare of her U-boats. That was in February, 1917, and even then the steps taken by President Wilson were inadequate. He was still 'reluctant to believe,' to quote his words, that Germany would carry out her threat, as he persisted in regarding it, though he did say that if it was carried out he would ask Congress to authorize the 'use of national power to protect American citizens in their peaceful and lawful errands on the seas.' Late in that month he asked Congress to authorize a policy of armed neutrality, as the German threat was being translated into deeds which there was no mistaking, but the Armed Neutrality Bill, drawn up under his direction, was talked out in the Senate. The failure of this measure to gain the assent of Congress angered Mr. Wilson, who denounced those bringing it about as a 'group of willful men, representing no opinion but their own.' Yet it soon was evident that while the opposition to the Bill, for the reasons given by the malcontents,

was not justified, the policy embodied in the Bill was insufficient. The President came to see that this was the truth. Re-elected to the Presidency in the preceding November as the protagonist of peace, and with a Cabinet of his own choosing as pacific as himself, Mr. Wilson executed a complete *volte-face*, and his Ministers followed suit. In considering what the United States has achieved it should not be forgotten that the Administration was selected without reference to the possibility of war, and that some of its members were so pronouncedly pacific as almost to seem to be 'Pacifists.' Among these was Mr. Baker, the Secretary of War, who, however, since the declaration of war by America has shown that he is as little of a 'Pacifist' as can well be imagined, for there is no keener advocate of the President's 'force to the utmost' than himself. And it also should be borne in mind that Congress was elected for the prosecution of war no more than was the House of Commons which was called on to face the outbreak of hostilities in August, 1914. The Congress in question was the sixty-fifth, and the President convoked it in extraordinary session months before it would have assembled in the usual way. It met on the 2d of April, 1917, and by the President's advice passed, on the 6th of April, the joint resolution which announced the existence of a state of war between America and Germany. To that declaration 'epoch-making' is not too strong an expression to apply.

In an article, entitled 'President Wilson's Greatest Achievement,' which was published in this Review in November last,* the writer commented on Mr. Wilson's attitude before and after the United States declared war,

* THE LIVING AGE, December 29, 1917.

and paid a tribute to the President's wonderful success in swinging into line with himself the hundred millions of the American people, in spite of the fact that only a very short time previously most of them had no thought of going to war, and that he himself had been in favor of 'peace without victory.' That article also gave a brief summary of the war programme Mr. Wilson put before Congress in his memorable address of the 2d of April, 1917, and epitomized what had been done, or was in course of being done, in accordance with his plans, in the subsequent six months. It was shown that some splendid results had even then been obtained, and that broad foundations had been laid for prodigious developments. On this side of the Atlantic there was at the time a very imperfect understanding, and certainly very little criticism, of what America was doing, one reason for this being that our public had very scanty information on the subject. To the surprise and bewilderment of many Americans, our newspapers did not make a prominent feature of the war effort of the United States. There was among us then a general and comfortable feeling that the disappearance of Russia as an effective ally would be counterbalanced by the presence of America in the field, though just how this was to come about in good time was not thought out. Besides, a spirit of optimism was prevalent in the Entente countries which we now know to our cost was misleading, but which could not fail to affect in some degree the activities of the United States. For instance, if on one day America was implored to provide 'ships, ships, ships' for the conveyance of food across the sea, else the submarine would starve us out, next day a message would flash over the wires

saying that the menace of the U-boats was lessening so appreciably that soon no menace would exist! What were the Americans to think? There did not seem to be any particular need for hurry.

Not only was there this contradictoriness in the news and views sent from London to Washington, but the spirit of optimism continued to reign over us, though there was little enough reason for it. The Italian defeat, and our own serious setback at Cambrai, ruffled it only temporarily. The disturbing effect of Mr. Lloyd George's pessimistic speech at Paris, where for once at least he did not play the politician, and of his startling inquiry of the United States how soon it would be able to place a million men in the field, quickly passed from our minds — not, we may be sure, without some reflex action on America. The fresh German peace offensive undertaken in February through the medium of guileless Austria had for a while its influence in the same direction in the United States as in Europe. Furthermore, it was allowed to be understood that the forces of the Allies on the Western front were adequate to meet any German thrust, however powerful that thrust might be. These were some of the factors that from outside worked on American opinion, and must have told with the President himself, up to March of this year. On the other hand, the despoilment of Russia by Germany, and the accumulation in the West of German forces taken from the Eastern front, pointed a different moral, which nevertheless was not grasped until it was emphasized by the breaking of the storm over Amiens — which showed how weak in numbers the British army there really was. By that time, however, America's first year in the war

neared its close; a great deal had been done by the United States for the common cause, but not nearly enough. It must be noted, besides, that in America there were forces that made against the war effort — State and local jealousies, the axes to grind of politicians, and all the manifold complexities of the labor and other problems of American life, as distinguished from those arising from pro-German, 'Pacifist,' and 'Independent Workers of the World' (ultra-Socialist) demonstrations and operations. Moreover, in a land and among a people still preparing, rather than prepared, for a great war, there were to be expected the persistence of difficulties of many kinds inherent in such a vast undertaking, the conflict of ideas as new points arose, the increase of dislocations in trade and commerce as the general scheme widened, and even failures in part or altogether in organizations, as well as of individuals. Yet taking all these interacting and sometimes hostile elements into account, the fact remains that the war effort of America by the end of its first year in the struggle, though inadequate to the situation, was nothing short of marvelous. How that effort has grown since April last, when the United States entered on its second year in the war, seems almost to belong to the region of miracle.

Under the Constitution of the United States, the President in a time of war is about as absolute an autocrat as it is possible to conceive of as existing in our world to-day. As commander-in-chief of the army and navy, he may do practically anything, without the sanction of Congress. Mr. Wilson, however, has been at great pains to carry Congress and more particularly the country with him. He placed his views before

Congress, and with such modifications as he accepted Congress sooner or later adopted them. Congress placed its views before him, but he rejected such as did not meet with his approval. Last year he imposed on it his will respecting the putting of Food Control in the hands of a single authority, and during the present session he declined to consider its suggestion of the appointment of a small body of men as a special War Cabinet, because, as he let it be known, he regarded his falling in with such a proposal as likely to lead to some derogation from his supreme executive power. He put no obstacles, however, in the way of those committees which Congress formed for investigating the actual working of the Government's plans, with regard to which failure had been reported. On the contrary, he directed that the fullest information possible in the circumstances should be given. Thus, when a strong attack was made on the War Department, it was the Secretary of War himself who, by his wish, appeared before the Congressional committee that had the matter in hand, and this Minister replied personally, and with the utmost frankness, to every point raised. Again, when serious allegations with regard to the undoubted failure of the big aeroplane programme were made in Congress and in the press, President Wilson did not hesitate to charge his former rival for the Presidency, Judge Hughes, with the strictest inquiry into the whole matter. There can be no doubt that Mr. Wilson's line of action in general has met with the cordial approval of the vast majority of the citizens of the United States, who have cheerfully undergone the hardships it has inevitably imposed. To-day he enjoys the confidence of the American people

in certainly as high a measure as did the most eminent of his predecessors. This is not to say that he may not have made mistakes — there is an excellent, if well-worn, American saying that the man who makes no mistakes makes nothing. Indeed, it hardly requires a close study of his speeches since the outbreak of the war to see that he has gone through a process of education, of evolution, as to the war itself. Nor is the truth that there has been this process lessened because the irony of the thing is that it is Germany herself who has been, and is, his teacher.

President Wilson's war programme, as it was expressed in April last year, was fourfold. The first part of it postulated the utmost practicable coöperation in counsel with the Allies, and incidentally the extension to them of the most liberal financial credits; the second, the organization and mobilization of all the material resources of the country; the third, the immediate full equipment of the navy in all respects, but particularly in supplying it with the best means of dealing with the enemy submarines; the fourth, the immediate addition to the armed forces of the United States, already provided for by law in case of war, of at least 500,000 men, to be chosen on the principle of universal liability to service, and also the authorization of subsequent additional increments of equal size, as they might be needed and as they could be trained. As a corollary came the granting to the American Government itself of adequate credits — to be sustained, so far as they could equitably be sustained by the present generation, by appropriate taxation. Naval coöperation with the Allies was explicit, if limited, in the third part of the programme, and military coöperation implicit in the fourth,

but at the moment Mr. Wilson was thinking rather of the means that lay ready to his hands for assisting the Entente Powers at once, and very strong military coöperation, such as there now is, was hardly in his mind.

In speaking of his programme he said:

In carrying out the measures whereby these things will be accomplished, we should keep constantly in mind the wisdom of interfering as little as possible, in our own preparation and in the equipment of our own military forces, with the duty, for it will be a very practical duty, of supplying the nations already at war with Germany with materials which they can obtain only from us or by our assistance. They are in the field. We should help them in every way to be effective there.

Two of the means for carrying out 'these things' lay ready to his hands: One was the gigantic money power of the United States, then far richer than ever before in its history; and the other was the navy, which to some extent was prepared for action. He determined to make instant use of both, and did make instant use of them. A fortnight after the declaration of war the enormous sum of 1,400,000,000*l.* was voted by Congress, 600,000,000*l.* being allocated for loans to the Allies. In less than a month flotillas of American destroyers, under Admiral Sims, were in European waters actively at work with the Allied fleets in fighting the U-boats. But it was to the development for war of their commercial and industrial resources, especially of agriculture, that he chiefly directed the attention of the American people. His leading idea was that America should furnish the Allies with every kind of supply they required; food, and ships to carry the food, being well in the foreground of his plans. Yet the military side was by no means neglected.

On the 6th of April of last year, the day on which the United States entered the lists, its army consisted of barely 300,000 men, all told, and of these upwards of 35,000 men were stationed outside the country — in the Philippines, China, Panama, Porto Rico, and Hawaii, where they were required for garrison and police purposes, and at the time could not well be moved elsewhere. The army was composed of the regular army, as its first line, and of the national guard, the organized militia of the various States of the Union, as its second line. The former mustered about 130,000 men, the latter over 150,000. It was estimated that from both together somewhere about 150,000 men could at a pinch be put into the field, but they were ill-prepared for war. The venture into Mexico during the preceding year had done little to fit the army for campaigning on anything like a great scale. Nor was the army well found. As an American writer put it: 'Our army was less than Field-Marshal French's seven divisions, and the sole powder plant owned by the War Department had a daily capacity of 11,000 pounds — not enough to last the guns of New York harbor for one minute's firing.' Though President Wilson had begun to call out some regiments of the national guard before war was declared, there was no real endeavor to put the army on a war-footing. Both branches of the army were recruited on the voluntary system, which was admittedly a failure. Every American knew that this was the case, and most Americans felt that even under the impulse of war voluntary recruiting would be insufficient. The President went straight to the heart of the matter by putting conscription in his programme, and Congress legalized this revolutionary measure within six

weeks after it was submitted for consideration. The Selective Draft Act brought in conscription in May of last year, and on the ensuing 5th of June upwards of 9,500,000 men, between the ages of 21 and 30, inclusive, registered as potential soldiers. About 50 per cent laid claim to exemptions on one plea or another. In the upshot more than 3,000,000 men were examined, upwards of 1,000,000 were certified for service, and 686,000 were 'selected,' of whom ultimately about 670,000 were called to the colors, and assembled in huge new training camps, each of which was in effect a 'soldier city,' the smallest containing 36,000 and the largest 48,000 men.

Half a million of these conscripts, or 'drafted' men, as they were termed, formed what was called the national army, and it was not till April of this year that the last contingents of this force arrived in the training camps. Meanwhile the national guard had been taken over from the States by the Federal Government, and voluntary enlistment went on all the time for it and the regular army. The numbers lacking of their full war-strength were supplied from the 'drafted' men. By the end of America's first year in the war the total figures for the regular army, national guard, national army, and a reserve corps reached nearly 1,700,000 men, of whom approximately 700,000 had voluntarily enlisted. In making this great army the United States had difficulties to overcome that from the nature of the case were exceedingly formidable. At the start it had only some twenty military centres and posts, scattered over the country, none of them large, and the first problem which confronted it was the housing of its new forces. This was solved by the formation of thirty-two cantonments and camps.

half of them built of wood, and the rest composed of tents — in itself a gigantic business. American statisticians recounted with pride the millions of feet of 'lumber' and the tens of thousands of other things that went to the making of these cantonments and camps, and reveled in details of the numbers and speeds of the trains that rushed the materials to the chosen sites. But there were delays and miscalculations. Many of the hutments were not ready in time, and several of the tented encampments proved unsatisfactory. An unusually cold winter did not improve matters. Yet on the whole the housing problem was solved. Further, the new forces had to be armed and uniformed. Here again there was a degree of failure. In addition, neither rifles nor guns were in sufficient quantities, and ammunition was scanty. Time was lost over the selection of a standard machine-gun and in the construction of a plant for making field guns and other artillery. Of course much of this shortcoming was as inevitable as was that with respect to the housing, clothing, arming, and equipping of the Kitchener armies of 1914 and 1915. There is little or nothing of that shortcoming to be seen now.

It is apparent from Mr. Wilson's war programme of April, 1917, that he did not contemplate sending abroad American soldiers at an early date. It was the representations of Field-Marshal Joffre, backed up by the action of Mr. Roosevelt, who had more than 200,000 men pledged to go with him to France, that induced the President to dispatch a force to Europe much sooner than he intended. The force, as forces are reckoned nowadays, was not great, and it included a large proportion of non-combatants. In May, June, and July of last year about 27,000

men, in addition to 2,000 or 3,000 Marines, left America for France, and by the end of September further sailings had increased the number to about 80,000. First went a division of the regular army, with other troops and details. Next followed a division of the national guard, which was called the Rainbow Division, because the men who composed it were taken from the militia of every State in the Union. Included in the force were thousands of railway and other engineers. Circumstances in France, such as the making of ports and docks, the construction of railways, and the building of whole towns to accommodate the troops, necessitated an immense amount of engineering work, some idea of the extent of which may be obtained from the fact that the Americans have had practically to make a thousand miles of railways, and furnish their own rails, locomotives, and rolling stock for these lines. Large bodies of men went into the French forests to get out the timber required for ties, piles, and hut-building, as well as for the making of roads, trenches, and dugouts. Neither the French nor the British could give them much help in this colossal engineering and mechanical effort; on the contrary, American engineers materially assisted both French and British with respect to railway construction and maintenance. But, as was most convenient for all concerned at the time, France and Great Britain supplied the American soldiers then in the field with the weapons and equipment they needed. Germany sneered at what the Americans were doing, said they were merely workmen, and declared they were not and never would be soldiers. But the military effort of the United States was quickening, and by the end of December last, the American Expedi-

tionary Force in France was nearly 200,000 strong; at the end of the first year of the United States in the war, *i.e.*, at the beginning of April last, the strength of this force was 360,000 men.

This was a fine achievement, but it was insufficient, as the German successful offensive in March inexorably indicated. On the 28th of January, Mr. Baker, United States Secretary of War, had told the Congressional investigating committee that 500,000 American soldiers would be in Europe in the spring, and at that time the number looked impressive, even adequate. Many Americans thought and said there was no need to send a larger number, and that the United States should concentrate its energies on its naval, merchant shipping, industrial, and financial efforts. Fortunately Mr. Baker was moved to come to Europe to see personally how the American army machine he had done so much to create was functioning. He saw a good deal more, for after he arrived he saw some part of the 'Kaiser's Battle,' and soon came to the conclusion that the greatest and best service America could render the Allies was to increase, quickly and enormously, the strength of its Expeditionary Force. When he returned to Washington he had a plain tale to tell. The extreme gravity of the situation on the Western front was understood by all Americans who realized, as they could not but realize, that the peril of German domination had come nearer themselves—the menace to America, no less than to the Allies, was brought home to them as never before. Mr. Baker announced, of course as the mouthpiece of the President, that the United States would take steps to place 1,500,000 men in Europe before the close of 1918. Ex-President Taft strongly urged the

raising of the figure to 5,000,000 in the shortest possible time. America concentrated on the military effort, with the magnificent result that by the end of June, more than 600,000 men were added to the Expeditionary Force, its total strength then being upwards of 1,000,000. All these men had to be carried across 3,000 miles of sea, subject to the attacks of the U-boats, which Germany boasted would never permit them to reach their destination, yet the passage was made with a loss of only 291 men. It is important to notice that of the 1,000,000, nearly 700,000 are combatants.

The United States means not only to maintain but to extend its military effort. President Wilson's pronouncement for 'force to the utmost' found concrete expression partially in the 600,000 men added to the Expeditionary Force during April, May, and June. When he advised Congress to declare war he spoke of its authorizing subsequent increments of 500,000 men to the 500,000 to be raised at first under the Selective Draft Act. The second 'draft,' as announced in April last, included 800,000 men, and of these about a half have been called up, according as accommodation is available for them by the vacation of camps and cantonments by the soldiers going to Europe. The age limit has now been extended to from 18 to 45 years. According to an act of Congress, signed by the President on the 20th of May, Mr. Wilson issued a proclamation by which all men who reached 21 during the year beginning on the 5th of June, 1917, and ending on the 4th of June, 1918, had to register under the Selective Draft Act, and it is estimated that this will add 700,000 prospective soldiers to the American army, the total of which is steadily rising to 3,000,000 men.

Each month upwards of 250,000 men are arriving on this side of the Atlantic, and it is possible enough that the Expeditionary Force in Europe will consist of more than 2,000,000 before the close of 1918. How different all this is from what was predicted by Germany!

America's naval effort has been proportionate, and more than proportionate to its military effort. Twenty-eight days after the declaration of war, American destroyers were coöperating with British warships off the British coast. Admiral Sims said the other day that for more than a year before American troops were brigaded with British troops in France, the American naval forces in European waters were 'brigaded' with the British fleet and with the other naval forces of the Allies, and that the majority of the American destroyers had operated under the direction of a British admiral since May, 1917. At the start President Wilson's great preoccupation with respect to the United States navy was the war on the U-boats, and it is on the campaign against the German submarines that that navy still chiefly concentrates its attention. In 1916, Mr. Daniels, Secretary of the Navy, was busy with a great scheme of naval expansion, for which Congress had voted what then seemed a large sum of money. That scheme was concerned more with the building of big ships than of destroyers and other small craft, though these also were included in it. In 1917, after the United States intervened, the scheme was not dropped as regarded the capital ships, but was enlarged by the ordering and designing of six super-dreadnoughts of over 40,000 tons each. It was soon realized, however, that the naval effort, so far as construction went, should be directed to turning out small war vessels. More

than 260 destroyers of the largest type are being built, and for some time past, six of these ships have been completed monthly. 'During the coming year,' Admiral Sims states, 'more than three times the present number of our destroyers will be fighting with the Allies.' Hundreds of vessels, about 110 feet in length, and known as 'submarine-chasers,' have been launched, and many of them are already on active service. The number of warships in the navy of the United States is now considerably above a thousand — which implies a corresponding strength in *personnel*.

In February of last year, President Wilson, it will be recalled, pronounced for a policy of armed neutrality, and he forthwith took measures to increase the number of men in the navy. On the 25th of March, 1917, the number, however, was only about 60,000, but a month later had gone up to 80,000. The total strength of the navy now exceeds 500,000 men, and that of the Marine Corps has risen from 13,000 to 50,000. These fine increases have been obtained by voluntary recruiting; the appearance recently of German submarines off the American coast proved a splendid stimulus. Adding the number of men gained by the navy by the voluntary method to the number gained similarly by the army, it will be seen that more than 1,000,000 Americans have voluntarily joined the two services since war was declared. This is a fact which deserves to be widely known and generously recognized. On a fair comparison of the respective circumstances, the American voluntary military and naval effort is worthy to stand beside our own. The naval forces of the United States at present in European waters include about 45,000 officers and men in about 250 warships, whose activities range from

the White Sea to the Mediterranean. For months past a number of the most powerful dreadnoughts of the American fleet have been serving under the commander-in-chief of the grand fleet, and as far as work is concerned are practically indistinguishable from British vessels. American destroyers have long been coöperating with the French and Italian fleets; as well as with the British fleets, fighting the U-boats and on patrol duty. Others of their destroyers, in conjunction with their cruisers, have escorted and are escorting transports and merchantmen across the Atlantic to England and France, and back again, in really large numbers with astonishing success. And the naval effort of the United States, great as it is, will be very much greater within the next few months.

With us the air arm has been separated from the army and navy, but that is not the case with America. A year ago the most striking feature of the war programme of the United States was undoubtedly the confident prediction that in a very short time there would be 22,000 aeroplanes contributed to the cause by America, a contribution which some Americans thought might be decisive of the war. One of the most interesting articles written about the help the United States was to give in defeating Germany appeared in *The Saturday Evening Post* of Philadelphia, from the pen of Mr. Howard Coffin, chairman of the Aircraft Production Board, and it was called 'A Thousand Roads to Berlin'—a self-explanatory title. But owing to various causes the aeroplanes have not materialized, and the thousand roads to Berlin have still to be explored. When the United States declared war, it was as little prepared with aircraft as with everything else. It will seem strange that in the coun-

try of the Wright brothers, the pioneers of aviation, no progress worth mentioning had been made in the manufacture of aircraft for military purposes, until it is remembered how pacific America was. Even in the venture of the American army into Mexico in 1916, the scant use of aeroplanes was noticeable. The United States army had only a few machines, and in April of last year had not one plane of real fighting value, while the *personnel* of its air service was about 1,000 officers and men. For some months after war was declared nothing was done in a large way, which was not surprising, as at the time there was but one private company on an appreciable production basis, and the Government had not a single aircraft factory. In July of last year Congress voted 130,000,000*l.* for aircraft, and it was anticipated that by the application of 'quantity production' methods over 20,000 aeroplanes would presently be at the front. The aeroplane, however, has so far proved intractable to such methods. America has been short of some of the vital elements—the essential wood, linen, and oil had and have to be found, but they are being found. The vast virgin forests of spruce on the Pacific coast have been penetrated by railways and roads to get the wood; cotton is being adapted in place of linen, where linen cannot be obtained; and 70,000 acres of castor beans will supply the oil. The success of the air programme has been delayed besides by mistakes and miscalculations. As previously mentioned, an investigation of the whole matter is now going on, and it has been suggested that it may unearth something worse than mistakes and miscalculations; but however that may be, there need be no doubt that America will 'make good' in aircraft production for war. Meanwhile many

thousands of American airmen have been trained both in the United States and in Europe, and the record of their deeds is in our papers every day. Using British or French machines, they have already accounted for 400 enemy 'planes.'

For some months it looked as if the story with regard to the production of ships by the United States was to be as disappointing as that of aircraft production. From the beginning the President laid special stress on America's helping the Allies by producing the food which they needed and the ships for sending the food to them. The latter proved much the harder problem. In the past the Americans could scarcely be said to be a great shipbuilding people, and when the war broke out in Europe their shipping was not in a flourishing condition. Mr. Winthrop Marvin, an authority in the United States on the subject, states that in 1914 and 1915, 'American maritime courage and enterprise were at the very lowest ebb since the Civil War.' Nine tenths of the overseas trade of the country was carried in foreign bottoms. Many Americans perceived this was a dangerous position, and to remedy it a Shipping Board was instituted by the Government in 1915, but it did little to effect an improvement. After the declaration of war it formed the Emergency Fleet Corporation, as a subsidiary organization for the actual building of ships, and announced that quantities of steel and wooden vessels would be constructed with all possible celerity. But there were keen disputes between the heads of the Board and the Corporation, and much valuable time was lost. Resignations were called for by President Wilson, but further changes were necessary, and more time was lost. The Allies were crying out for food, of which by that

time America had produced an enormous amount, and that meant ships. American soldiers were in Europe, and thousands more were going, and that too meant ships. It took many months for the Shipping Board and the country to understand what they were 'up against.' Enormous yards had to be built, and a vast army of shipbuilders raised and trained. The yards, which deserve to be ranked among the wonders of the world, have been built, and the operatives have been raised and trained. A spirit of competition for results has been encouraged, and has stimulated ship construction in the most amazing manner. The first 1,000,000 tons ('dead-weight' tons = 600,000 gross tons) of new shipping contracted for by the Shipping Board have been delivered, and deliveries will steadily increase. Indeed, the increase will be so enormous that we must expect to see American merchant shipping take first place on the seas, unless our own production of ships is much enlarged. The shipbuilding effort of the United States started badly, but now is simply magnificent.

Another most important phase of the war effort of the United States is concerned with agriculture. In April of last year the Department of Agriculture conducted an energetic campaign among the American farmers, and backed up by influential newspapers it led to wonderful results, of which we are to-day getting the benefits in every meal we eat. Had it not been for the American farmer and stock-raiser, and the self-denial of the American people, Great Britain, France, and Italy must have starved. This year's harvest in the United States will likely be larger than that of last year, great as that was in everything except wheat, and this year there promises to be a big surplus of

wheat for export. The American Government has done all in its power to increase food production. Loan banks were established to finance the farming communities where such assistance was required, and the amount advanced in this way is about 8,000,000£, which, however, is as nothing in the stupendous expenditure the United States is facing for the war — now £10,000,000 sterling a day. Japan excepted, all the Allies have borrowed from America to the extent in the aggregate of £1,200,000,000 sterling, and continue to borrow at the rate of £100,000,000 a month. These loans, and prodigious amounts for its army, navy, air, and other services — in all about £4,000,000,000 sterling — have been raised by the three Liberty

The Nineteenth Century and After

Loans, Treasury certificates, and new excess profits and other taxation. A fourth Liberty Loan must soon be issued, and the taxation made much heavier, but there need be no doubt that the Americans will do whatever is required to meet their present and prospective expenditure just as they will meet the demands made by the war in all other fields. While the economic position shows signs of strain, as is inevitable in the circumstances, it yet adjusts itself with comparative ease to the conditions of the time. America's war effort, whether viewed broadly or examined in detail, may well be characterized as great, and one of the best things about it is that before long it is bound to be ever so much greater.

CECIL SPRING-RICE: IN MEMORIAM

BY SIR VALENTINE CHIROL

I vow to thee, my country — all earthly things above —
Entire and whole and perfect, the service of my love —
The love that asks no question; the love that stands the test,
That lays upon the altar the dearest and the best;
The love that never falters, the love that pays the price,
The love that makes undaunted the final sacrifice.

And there's another country, I've heard of long ago —
Most dear to them that love her, most great to them that know.
We may not count her armies; we may not see her King;
Her fortress is a faithful heart, her pride is suffering;

And soul by soul and silently, her shining bounds increase,
And her ways are ways of gentleness and all her paths are Peace.

C. A. S. R.

Washington, January 12, 1918

These lines were written by Sir Cecil Arthur Spring-Rice, His Majesty's Ambassador to the United States, on the eve of his final departure from Washington. The vow recorded in them had been kept long before he put it into words, for he had served his country for a quarter of a century with 'the love that never falters'; and, though he knew it not, he was already a dying man. With his singular clarity of vision he had

realized from the beginning of the war that its issue might well depend in the last resort on the attitude of the great American Republic; and so acute a sense as his of the awful responsibility that rested in such circumstances upon a British Ambassador during the prolonged period of American hesitation and neutrality, would have told severely on a much more robust constitution. If diplomacy may be compared to active warfare, he had fought for two years in the most dangerous and important salient of the British lines — had fought, as diplomatists must ever fight, silently and patiently but indomitably under the poisoned shell-fire of German intrigues; and when, with the entry of the great American democracy into the war, he had 'done his bit' and was free to quit the post he had held with unswerving tenacity through the days of stress and storm, he was, as we now know, doomed — or should we say, privileged? — to survive but for a short time the hour of his crowning achievement. It was, at any rate, the end for which he had himself prayed not long before in some verses written on the death of a great friend who had passed away as suddenly as he was fated to do:

Make no long tarrying,* O my God,
May the downward path be swiftly trod,
Swiftly the falling feet descend;
Short the road and soon the end.
When the doom is spoken, let it fall;
And when Thou takest, then take all.

And as the sun sinks in the sea,
Nor dim nor pale nor overcast,
By no sad change, nor slow degree,
Radiant and royal to the last:
So take the gift Thou gavest me.

Spring-Rice was an admirable product of his race and class and educa-

tion, yet he had great originality. With Irish blood through his father, who was the younger son of the first Lord Monteaigle, he inherited some of the qualities of his mother's North of England family, the Marshalls, and their affection for the English lakes. At Eton and at Balliol he not only achieved distinction as a scholar, but acquired a reputation for a ready and whimsical and sometimes rather mordant wit which clung to him, not always to his professional advantage, throughout life. His first efforts at poetry came out in an Eton book, *Out of School*; and his *Oxford Rhymes* are not yet forgotten. But it was in his deep sense of reverence for all that was great and noble in the past, and in his love of all that is beautiful in nature and literature and art, that the influence of his early associations at school and college and at home was most strongly and permanently reflected. If his impatience of conventions sometimes startled the very conventional world of diplomacy, he brought into it the qualities of sympathy and imagination which it often lacks.

Whenever the time comes for the record of his life to be written, it will show, I believe, in a very striking way, how his whole career seems to have been a preparation for the final struggle at Washington in which he stood immovably for the finest and most honorable traditions of British diplomacy against the brutal and corrupt methods of German statecraft. The old gibe — that a diplomatist is sent to lie abroad for the good of his country — was as repugnant to his own conception of a diplomatist's duties and functions as to his innate personal rectitude. He believed that the business of a diplomatist is in the first place that of a peacemaker who, without ignoring international differences

* Cf. Psalm lxx, 5. Spring-Rice was a great reader of the Psalms. By a curious coincidence Psalm lxx is appointed to be read at evensong on the 13th day of the month; and it was in the night of January 13-14, last, that he died with 'no long tarrying.'

or being blind to possibilities of open conflict, should labor unceasingly to mitigate and avert them within the limits compatible with national interests and national dignity; that in the second place it is the duty of a diplomatist not only to maintain friendly and close relations with the rulers and governing circles of the country to which he is accredited, but to familiarize himself as far as possible with all the great currents of public opinion and all the great movements, social, religious, and political, which in the long run determine the policy of autocracies that mould them to their purpose as well as of democracies that merely reflect them; and thirdly, that in his own personal attitude and mode of life the diplomatist should seek a golden mean between the reserve and reticence which may be easily misconstrued into aloofness and distrust, and the facile appeals to a popularity wider than he can properly aspire to in a foreign country without suspicion of overstepping the limits of a position necessarily circumscribed by the privileges it carries with it. For the outer trappings and the ceremonial side of his profession he had perhaps an excessive contempt. He preferred to rely on the more human qualities of simplicity, directness, and transparent honesty in association with great power of work and a fine intellect.

More fortunate than most young diplomatists, who often have to serve an interminable apprenticeship of mere routine work and somewhat frivolous drudgery, Spring-Rice, after entering the Foreign Office in 1882, was soon brought into intimate contact, first as assistant private secretary to Lord Granville, and then as *précis*-writer to Lord Rosebery, with the whole range of world-wide affairs which come within the purview of a

British Foreign Secretary. His first post abroad, as well as his last, was Washington, where he spent with brief intervals all the earlier part of his career, gaining that thorough and sympathetic insight into American life and American character, and making the many enduring friendships, which were to serve him in such excellent stead when he returned there as Ambassador at the most critical period in the whole history of Anglo-American relations.

The turning point in his career was his transfer as Second Secretary to the Embassy in Berlin in 1895. For, in the three years which he then spent in Germany, he witnessed some of the most significant manifestations of the aggressive spirit infused into the 'higher policy' of the German Empire after its youthful sovereign had thrown off the old Chancellor's tutelage. In the summer of 1895, Germany made her first bid for a place in the Far Eastern sun by turning against Japan and joining with Russia and France to despoil her of the fruits of her victories over China. In the early days of 1896, the Emperor's famous telegram to President Kruger sent through the whole British Empire the first thrill of alarm at the dangerous potentialities of Germanism. In 1897, after the Turkish armies, reorganized by a German military mission, had defeated the unfortunate Greeks in Thessaly, William II's effusive greetings to the 'ever-victorious' Sultan foreshadowed the price he was prepared to pay for the use of Turkey as his 'bridge-head to world dominion.' In 1898 he watched, with an interest rendered keener by the intimate correspondence he kept up with many influential friends in Washington, the abortive efforts of the Wilhelmstrasse to persuade Great Britain, on the plea of European solidarity, into acting as

the spearhead of at least a diplomatic offensive against the United States at the beginning of the Spanish-American war.

But Spring-Rice had not been content merely to study these outward manifestations of Germany's 'higher policy.' While he was in Berlin he did what few diplomatists cared or were encouraged to do. He explored, so far as the restraints of his official position allowed, the whole field of German life, the character of the people, the ingenious constitutional machinery which Bismarck had so carefully devised for securing the supremacy of Prussia within a Federal Empire, and for combining the autocracy of the Hohenzollerns with the illusion of parliamentary institutions, the vigorous development of commercial and industrial activity, promoted and controlled by and for the State, the growth of a new 'will to power' nurtured in the schools and colleges as well as in the barrack-room, and equipped with all the resources of modern science for economic as well as military conquest. Spring-Rice was a diligent student of history, but he was also a student of men.

It was in Berlin, where I was then correspondent of *The Times*, that we became close friends; and I remember well how he used to envy me my opportunities of meeting the leaders of the Socialist and other political parties, whose acquaintance no diplomatist could venture to cultivate without giving dire offense in 'all-highest' circles. But he was quick to realize that German politicians, however large they might bulk in the press and in Reichstag debates, and German political parties, however formidable the numbers they might poll at general elections, were little more than *simulacra*; and that the whole power was concentrated in a masterful ruling

caste, itself dominated by a masterful young sovereign, whose genius was a strange but vital blend of mediæval mysticism and modern materialism fired by overweening ambition. And the whole nation, even those who protested most loudly, were ready to respond to his call. Spring-Rice saw all this and the menace there was in it for the future of the world. 'These Germans,' he once said to me, 'are a tremendous and terrible nation. They are going to laugh to scorn the old French saying: "Si jeunesse savait, si vieillesse pouvait"! They have got all the cunning of wicked old age, and all the forcefulness of lustful youth.'

Out of the striving pushfulness of modern Germany Spring-Rice passed to the slowly-moving East, first to Constantinople and Teheran and then to Cairo, where, as he put it, he went 'back to school' under Lord Cromer, being temporarily seconded from his own service to act as British Commissioner of the Egyptian Debt; nor were they unprofitable school-days under such a master. From Cairo he was promoted, in 1903, to be Secretary of Embassy at St. Petersburg during the stormy years of the Russo-Japanese war and the first revolutionary movements which followed the reverses of the Russian armies in Manchuria. In 1906 he returned to Persia, this time as British Minister, to witness the further stages of that ancient kingdom's decline. Then followed three years of relative rest and ease in Sweden, for the British Legation at Stockholm was mainly an 'observation post.' Sweden, though determined to keep away, so far as possible, from the cross-currents of world politics, stood very near—in some respects perilously near—to them. Spring-Rice was a keen observer, and all that he saw and heard in Stockholm fortified the conviction, which

had steadily gathered strength in him from his experiences in the Near and the Middle East and in Russia, that the war-cry of Pan-Germanism, 'De-lenda est Britannia,' was merely an indiscreet echo of the 'higher policy' to which the rulers of Germany were definitely committing themselves.

In Turkey he had seen Austria and Russia, instigated by Germany, blocking the endeavors of the Western Powers to abate the Ottoman régime of misrule and massacre in Armenia and Macedonia, while William II was consolidating his hold upon the Red Sultan by encouraging his Pan-Islamic schemes and pointing always to England as the enemy. In Egypt he had seen Germans striving desperately to keep alive the embers of Anglo-French quarrels over the valley of the Nile. In Russia, even more clearly than in Persia, he had seen Germany steadily elbowing Russian expansion away from Europe towards more distant fields of Asiatic adventure, where the seeds of conflict between the Russian and British Empires were then still dangerously abundant; and, when the results of the Russo-Japanese War defeated Germany's calculations, he saw her exploiting Russia's internal troubles and pressing on the bewildered Russian autocracy the old Bismarckian arguments for dynastic solidarity in the presence of revolutionary forces that drew their chief inspiration from England.

Spring-Rice had heartily welcomed the Anglo-French Agreement, for which, since his Berlin days, he had done useful spade-work wherever he went; and he recognized the paramount importance of the Anglo-Russian Agreement as a guarantee against the revival of the old Three Emperors' Alliance under German hegemony. But he was in Persia when it was concluded, and he knew the price we

should have to pay for it in the loss of our slender remnant of influence with the Persians. Anything that savored of *real-politik* was abhorrent to him. 'Its great apostle allowed himself only one luxury of emotion — to hate'; whereas Spring-Rice could not refuse himself the luxury of sympathizing even with the feeble gropings towards liberty of the unfortunate Persian people, who used to take sanctuary in thousands within the grounds of the British Legation in Teheran. Nor had he much faith in the stability of the Russian autocracy or its permanent divorce from the more congenial influence of Berlin, though he never questioned the personal loyalty of the Tsar.

In his private letters, and even, I believe, in his official dispatches, Spring-Rice was so intent on counteracting the easy optimism which prevailed in most quarters in England, as we know to our cost, right up to July, 1914, that he often got the reputation of being a hopeless pessimist. He was never that; for, if his faith in human progress, and in a divine providence that shapes all things towards higher ends, had ever wavered, he would have been preserved from mere pessimism by his keen sense of humor — which, unlike most people, he exercised upon himself as often as upon others — as well as by his intense love of nature and by his strong family affections. He had lost his father and mother when he was still young, but he had brothers and sisters to whom he was devoted; and his marriage in 1904, to the only daughter of his former chief, Sir Frank Lascelles, brought him unclouded happiness.

Besides the loving care and soothing influence she constantly brought to bear on his high-strung and somewhat excitable temperament, Lady Spring-Rice gave him a boy and a girl

upon whom he lavished the tender and cheerful understanding of children's ways which made him a prime favorite and playmate and king of story-tellers to all the children with whom he happened to come into close contact. It was his lot to dwell mostly in cities and among men, but his heart was always in the country, and especially in the hills — most of all, perhaps, in the Cumberland hills, which he knew and loved above all others. He had sometimes an irresistible craving for their solitude; and at Oldchurch on Ullswater, which was his English home for many years, he would steal out quietly at night to watch the sunrise from the top of Helvellyn. The wilder mountains of Northern Persia appealed to him in the same way, and the primitive modes of travel which bring one so close to nature. I quote from a letter to myself.

Have you forgotten your Persian wanderings? The early start while the stars are still bright, the sword of Orion remaining as long as any. Then on the top of the hill if possible before the sun gets hot; the burst of golden light on the rocky crest, and at last the view of the other side; hill after hill with Demavend behind. Then the awful descent; the poor pony struggling behind, looking appealingly at you as you try and pull him down some particularly bad drop, and his sad grunt as he steps down all four feet at once. Then the valley and a long delicious canter between the rocky hill-sides till springs appear and the green patch in the distance means the camping ground. . . . I got so tired of seeing Demavend look down at me wherever I was that at last I persuaded a Persian servant to go up with me. I spent two nights on the mountain and got up without difficulty except getting very giddy from the thin air.

No wonder, for Demavend is about 18,000 feet high, and the ascent of the great snow-clad cone is a steady grind, that tests endurance rather than mountaineering skill.

It was as much his sense of public duty as his legitimate ambition to

reach the top of his profession, that made Spring-Rice stick to the often disheartening road of diplomacy. He was impulsive and sometimes impatient, and in smaller matters inclined to rush to premature conclusions and even to act hastily. But on the greater issues with which he was confronted his judgment, based on careful study and genuine knowledge, was seldom at fault. I would quote from one other of his letters to me, written from Stockholm in 1911:

At the end of the eighteenth century it was the revolution which was dominant and seemed the greater danger to Europe. Now it is the counter-revolution — State organization — incarnate in Prussia. I wonder whether we shall have to go through a similar crisis. Will Power after Power, 'with sombre acquiescence,' accept what they think is inevitable and, rather than fight, take the consequences of defeat without the perils of war? That is what the small Powers are doing. I wonder if England will prove stubborn or not. The main thing is that we must fight in a good cause.

It was with such forebodings of an impending cataclysm that he proceeded in 1912 to Washington to take up the appointment of Ambassador to the United States — the appointment which above all others he had always hoped for as the crown of his career, because he felt confident that, with his knowledge of, and genuine liking for, the American people, he could render better service in the democratic atmosphere of the great Western Republic than at any European court. He found many old friends and made many new ones, but his health was growing more and more precarious; and he had not quite recovered from a very serious illness when he came home on leave shortly before the great European crisis of 1914. On arriving in London he spent ten days with Sir Edward Grey and shared his Chief's increasing apprehensions of the storm

that was gathering on the international horizon. During the last week of deadly suspense he never had any doubt that the day for which Germany had been preparing for years was at hand, and that there could be but one course open to us, that of duty and honor as well as of national self-preservation.

As soon as the die was cast he prepared to return to America, whither his wife and children followed him shortly afterwards. His ship was pursued by a German cruiser, but he perhaps ran less personal danger than he was exposed to later from German *condottieri* in America. Many people believed that the murderous affray in Mr. Jack Morgan's house in Washington in the summer of 1915, was part of a plot against the life of the British Ambassador, who was staying with him at the time. He was prepared for every form of German frightfulness; he was prepared for the bitter hostility of many alien and anti-British elements in America; he was prepared for the deep-rooted prejudices of a large volume of genuinely American opinion. What he was not prepared for was the mischievous activity of some of our own 'pacifists,' who did not hesitate to palliate the crimes of Germany and to distort our war aims in order to embitter American feeling against their own country, and to deter the American democracy from converting its instinctive sympathies with the Allied cause into active coöperation.

It is too early yet to attempt to appraise exactly Spring-Rice's share in bringing about the entry of the United States into the war. Some of his critics on this side have been inclined to rate it far less high than the Americans themselves, who must, after all, be the better judges. He had little faith in the coarser methods of propaganda,

in which he knew we could never compete successfully with the Germans. Indeed he was convinced, from his knowledge of the American character, that such a tremendous issue as that which then confronted the American people would not be determined by any sensational or emotional appeal, and still less by any attempt to drive them. Only the stern logic of events would persuade them to turn their backs on their century-old traditions and prejudices, and plunge into the unknown vortex of a great European conflict. From his knowledge of Germany, on the other hand, he relied confidently upon the Germans to provide the events required for the conversion of the American democracy. That conversion the British Embassy, he believed, could do little to hasten, but might easily, through sheer excess of zeal, do a vast deal to delay or even to prevent.

Difficult and delicate questions arose, and were bound to arise, out of the most legitimate exercise of our naval power, between the British and American Governments, so long as America remained neutral and constituted herself the zealous champion of neutral interests. On two occasions, namely, when Great Britain extended contraband to cotton, and when she 'blacklisted' a number of firms suspected of trading with the enemy, the situation was seriously strained. Any slight error of judgment, any indiscreet move or word that could give a handle to the enemy or an occasion for unfriendly elements in America to blaspheme, might have had immediately disastrous consequences. Spring-Rice, mindful of what had happened to some of his predecessors in far less stormy times, never stumbled once, though many were the traps laid for him. In his official notes and conversations with the State

Department, he upheld the British point of view in temperate and closely reasoned argument, but he never departed in public from the reserve which he knew to be his one safe shield against misrepresentation and calumny.

Our friends in America, who saw the German Embassy become the headquarters of a great anti-British organization all over the United States, could not at times quite understand why he would not allow the British Embassy to identify itself closely with their well-meant and much more legitimate activities. He valued their enthusiastic support of the British cause. Many of them were his own oldest friends; but for that very reason, and because some were known to be political opponents of the existing American administration, he felt, and often frankly told them, that the less intimate their association with the British Embassy, the more effective their efforts would be. He believed in the high purpose of the President; he knew himself to possess the confidence and respect of the United States Government; and he felt that, whenever the time arrived for Mr. Wilson to carry the American people with him into the war, the greatest service which the British Ambassador could then be found to have rendered, would be to have made it impossible for any American to charge the head of the State with having yielded to British pressure, direct or indirect. This may well have been in President Wilson's mind when he bade Spring-Rice, who was paying him his farewell visit, remember that he would be always his friend — simple words, which, however, coming from so reserved a man as the President, had their own special significance.

To Spring-Rice the alliance of the two great English-speaking nations

was the fulfillment of a life's dream, and its fulfillment in the noblest of causes. For him the great war was no mere clash of wordly ambitions. It was a phase of the eternal struggle between light and darkness. It was only a short time before his death that in a speech to the Canadian Club at Ottawa he revealed his innermost soul:

The world has many ideals. Two of the most prominent are present in the minds of all. We have seen the relics of Egypt and of Assyria. We have seen the emblem of the ancient religions, the ancient monarchies — the king on his throne; the badge of sovereignty in his hand, the scourge. We have read of the ruins of a palace once decorated with pictures of burning cities, troops of captives, victims being tortured to death. That was the banquet hall of the King of Assyria. That is one type of civilization. There is another, the sign of which is the Cross. I need not tell you what that means, but I must say this: the Cross is a sign of patience under suffering, but not of patience under wrong. The Cross, gentlemen, is on the banner under which we fight — the Cross of St. George, the Cross of St. Andrew, the Cross of St. Patrick; different in form, in color, in history, yes, but the same in spirit, the spirit of sacrifice.

We are all subjects of the Prince of Peace, the Prince of Peace who fought the greatest fight ever fought upon this earth, who won the greatest victory, and won it by His Blood. That is the Cross; that is the sign under which we fight against this hideous enemy. That is the sign under which we fight, and by which we shall conquer.

About a fortnight later, Spring-Rice, who was waiting at Ottawa for the steamer that was to carry him home to England, went out skiing with his children, and spent the evening as usual, and in very good spirits, with his wife and his kindly hosts at Government House. He had not long retired to bed when his brave heart suddenly failed, and he passed away without a struggle to the rest he had well earned.

SPECTATORS

BY CLARA SMITH AND T. BOSANQUET

XVII

MRS. JOHN WYCHWOOD TO MR. NICOLAS
ROMER

20, St. Leonard's Terrace,
Chelsea, S. W.
August 3, 1914.

My dear Nicolas,

I believe it is to-morrow as a matter of sober fact, but I certainly can't go to sleep, I'm much too miserable. Are we really all going to kill one another in the name of friendship? I still can hardly understand that is what it means, though I know it's very slow and stupid of me and that other people began to realize it as long ago as Friday. Mrs. Briscoe was scandalized when I rang her up to say that I could n't come in to dinner on Saturday, because I was going down to Greenways. She thought it extraordinary of me, to say the least, to leave London at such an 'international crisis.' 'The Stock Exchange has never been closed before in my time,' said she. 'I feel as though the world were coming to an end.' I reflected on the fact that she had a husband in the city, who might have made her unduly pessimistic, and anyway I would much rather face the end of the world in the country than in London. (It struck me, too, that she was meeting it with admirable calm, if she could arrange 'an impromptu little dinner party, just eight or ten people,' for the occasion.) I was very depressed, because we did n't say clearly that we meant to help France under all circumstances. I suppose there is some more or less sound excuse, but it

does seem a most miserable failure in friendship; for you can't imagine any decent individual taking refuge in the plea that he did n't come to the material assistance of his friends because he was under no legal obligation to do so. And I could not bear to think that the Paris I had just left was now in such awful anxiety. But all the time I felt it was another war scare, though an extra bad one, and that at this stage of civilization a European war was impossible, some miracle would avert it again. If the diplomatists failed, surely the Jews would come to the rescue, and refuse to finance a Christian conflict on such a scale as this. But I see now that neither in Jews nor diplomatists can I put my trust.

They sent us no papers this morning, so we went out in search of news and with great difficulty secured a second-hand *Morning Post*. We read it up on the heather in the sunlight, and I suddenly realized that it was all true, and there was going to be no way out of it this time. The rowan trees looked just as lovely and gay as they did last Sunday, and the hills as clear and blue, under a blue and white sky; it seemed mad to believe that what I read was real, but it was then I found out.

'What a horrid nightmare!' said Betty, and I said, 'Yes!' but I felt for that miserable moment of illumination as though the color and the sunlight had belonged to a dream, and the black and white newspaper world was the lasting reality to which I'd woken up.

'It can't last long, can it?' went on

Betty. 'Of course *you* knew all about the South African War. I remember I had lots of flags given me, and Aunt Daisy came to see us and said I ought to learn to knit, and I made a fearful fuss and said I was n't old enough. I had to learn all the same, and now I know how to do it, but I can't.'

She sounded very nice and normal, but I did n't like the incongruous sunshine and we came home. I had meant to stay at Greenways until Tuesday night, but Mrs. Elmslie telephoned to ask if we would like to motor back to London with her this evening, reminding me that there might be no trains for civilians by to-morrow. And I remembered Mrs. Briscoe with sympathy, and felt there was a great deal to be said for her point of view. I know I would rather be alone with the mortal beauty of the earth to solve all my individual problems; when it comes to the end of other people's worlds — well, I have n't the courage to face that yet, and find there is no solution. So I decided for lots of other human beings, and all the information I could get.

We went up to the station to see if there was, by chance, any later news, in spite of White's discouragement on the grounds that it was Bank Holiday, and evening papers did n't exist on such days. After a short argument he reluctantly admitted that a war might make *some* difference, and consented to drive round that way; and though we found no news, he was clearly impressed by the sight of all the local carts and motors hurrying the Bank Holiday people in to Gomshall, to catch the early trains back to London rather than the orthodox last one. Mr. Collinson — the farmer whose wife makes me Cornish cream — had brought down a consignment of trippers, and came to talk to us while White was investigating the absence

of papers. He was frankly indignant. 'I don't like fighting, and never did,' said he; 'and it's hard lines for folk to have their holidays spoiled like this. Those young ladies I've brought down have n't enjoyed themselves a bit. They've been worrying all day. It'll upset prices, too, though I dare say corn will go up.'

I saw Mrs. Elmslie's horrified expression at this last remark, and as soon as the sinner's back was turned, she exclaimed: 'Of all the unpatriotic, heartless people!'

He did sound a little callous, I must say, but I had to defend him from the charge of heartlessness, because I've seen him unnecessarily kind so often. Patriotism, on the other hand, is capable of as wide definition as Christianity, and covers as many ambiguous readings, so I left it alone and merely said that I thought Mr. Collinson's imagination was his weak point, and not his affections.

'Heaven grant that we learn the lessons this war is sent to teach us,' was Mrs. Elmslie's solemn reply; but with all due respect to her — or can it really be to heaven? — I think war is too heavy-handed an agent to use on imagination. Before I had decided on a safe answer, Betty remarked: 'Is n't it the Germans who ought to be learning lessons rather than us?'

'It is a school of discipline for us all,' said Mrs. Elmslie, unembarrassed.

It sounds very like a mutual aid society, does n't it, Nicolas? But I did n't say so aloud, and, mercifully, she saw a nurse in uniform at that moment and asked if Betty had taken any ambulance certificate. She had n't, neither have I, so she is certain we form the Peaslake nucleus of the Red Cross classes 'to be arranged for in every village with all possible speed.'

We came into London through all manner of Southwark slums, as Mrs.

Elmslie wanted to call on a curate brother who runs a Settlement in the middle of them. He was out for our pains, but a blue-eyed charwoman induced us to believe that he would be back in five minutes, and we waited twenty without result. Then we remembered White's nervous temper and withdrew, to be held up at the end of Cannon Street by troops marching round St. Paul's and down Ludgate Hill. Londoners have quicker imaginations than Surrey farmers, and the crowd had guessed too much to want to cheer; it stood there very quiet, listening to the tramp of the soldiers and the far-away sounds of Fleet Street. The Cathedral stood out a huge black mass crowned with its triumphant cross against the darkening sky, and I wondered how the Southwark brother reconciled that with the guns and men in the street below. I'm glad to escape the complication of his problem, at any rate. It seemed a long time that we waited there in the gray light and silence before the friendly noises of London began again round us, and we could slowly manœuvre our way to the Embankment. Mrs. Elmslie was too tired to discuss the relative merits of St. John's Ambulance and Red Cross activities any longer, and Betty only volunteered one remark before we reached home: 'I wish so awfully it had n't happened'—which is about all that's left for the uninitiated to say, and I think I shall try going to bed. Do write *very* soon.

Yours ever,

Nanda.

P. S. August 4th.

Mrs. Abbott is a severe lady, is n't she? When my tea came this morning, with the post sitting by its side I said, "Where's the *Times*" knowing that it comes here at dawn. "I did n't bring it, ma'am," says she,

"because there's no good news in it, and you ought to have a cup of tea first." I wish she had also realized that I ought to have breakfast at least before I read letters like the enclosed. I'm dismayed beyond words, but it *is* very funny, too, and I find it difficult to believe that it's one and the same war that's hit us both so hard. How other people do grasp situations, don't they? Thank Heaven the Oaklands drains are up, though what *am* I to say about Greenways and the stores food without being horribly unkind? I've had breakfast, and I don't know any more how to answer her than I did before. I shan't be at Greenways, you see, except for week-ends, but if Daisy elects to spend those with us (as I must give her the chance of doing), you are to come and gather there too, Nicolas. You can't leave me to be her pseudo-niece alone.

What amazing revelations in the *Times* to-day!

Enclosure in Letter XVII

117a Pont Street, S. W.

August 3, 1914.

My dear Anne,

You will no doubt be surprised to see that I am in London, and I should certainly have spent several days longer at Little Chipping with the Cartwrights if it had not been for this most unexpected occurrence of war. The station-master at Little Chipping told Mr. Cartwright he could not positively guarantee the running of the usual trains any longer, so I thought it wiser to come up at once, as I wished to be in London myself to see to the ordering of *plenty* of provisions in case of famine. Besides, I should not have liked to be dependent on the Cartwrights' hospitality for an indefinite time, and

though they were very anxious for me to stay, they quite understood my reasons for leaving them so soon. I do wish I had asked Mr. Cartwright to cash a check for me, for I find it extremely inconvenient being unable to get either checks or notes changed here, and as I have only six pounds in gold, you will realize how awkward it is for me. It is particularly tiresome my not being able to go down to Oaklands on account of the drains. If I had had the slightest warning that war was likely to break out, I should never have thought of embarking on the alterations which are being done, but should simply have had the defective drain repaired, which would have been finished by now. At times of disturbance like this, one naturally prefers to be at home, and I should have liked to ask you and Nicolas, as well as Elizabeth, to stay quietly at Oaklands with me until the war is over. Everyone I have seen here assures me that it cannot possibly last long, and at any rate it seems to have settled the Irish difficulties very satisfactorily, so perhaps it is only a blessing in disguise. But it is all very disturbing, and makes one realize afresh the necessity for being in touch with those near and dear to one, and, as you are well aware, dear Anne, I have ever regarded you and Nicolas quite as if you really were my own nephew and niece. Under these circumstances would it not be best for us all to gather at Greenways together, at any rate until the work at Oaklands is done? I do not need much room — just a bedroom for myself and a smaller one for my maid, and the usual accommodation for the car and chauffeur, and my tastes are very simple, as you know. Please let me know by return whether this will be convenient for you, as I must tele-

graph to Oaklands for the car to be sent up.

Affectionately yours,
Margaret A. F. Brampton.

P.S. If you like I will have some of the provisions from the army and navy stores sent to Greenways in case the worst comes to the worst.

XVIII

MR. NICOLAS ROMER TO MRS. JOHN
WYCHWOOD

The Second Bungalow,
Camber Sands, near Rye,
August 5, 1914.

My dear Nanda,

I had a letter from you last night — but I really don't know, among these unbelievably portentous hours and moments, whether this is 'very soon' or very late to be answering it. It was wonderfully comforting to be put into touch with you all again, and to feel assured that you and Betty and Mrs. Abbott, and even Daisy Brampton are n't so hopelessly far away as I'd begun to think you must be. I quite sympathize with Daisy's flight townwards, and was n't at all far from being moved by a like impulse on Sunday and taking whatever train the day might provide up to London. I did n't act on the impulse, partly because Billy was desperately anxious to go up himself, and we knew that there would n't be any holding him off he once found himself in the centre of war activities, and Morgan did n't think he ought to go. So we all set ourselves to talk him out of the desire, and after that I could n't follow up my exhortations by being a shocking bad example. And the other half of my reason for not rushing up to find you and Betty was that everything down here looks so ridiculously peaceful and ordinary and happy that it seemed

perfectly absurd to be ordering one's movements as if the last trump had sounded; although, as you say, plenty of people have realized ever so much better than ourselves that it *has* sounded, and have prepared themselves to respond with the most surprising alacrity. Daisy's preparations suggest that she has applied quite a lot of imagination to the problem of her own situation, however dim and unfocused her vision may be of the meaning of war on such a scale for the rest of humanity. But, after all, can we any of us conceive that? — unless, perhaps, the people who were out in the Balkans the year before last can. Anyhow, Daisy has a clear idea that she's in danger of finding herself both hungry and homeless, which is much further than my own foresight has carried me. What do you suppose she means by the worst coming to the worst? Does she see a beleaguered country house, stacked with packing-cases of provisions from the army and navy stores and gallantly held by herself and her dependents against — what? She could hardly expect to resist even a small fraction of the German army for long, and I'm sure that when it came to the point, she would make very free distributions to any starving English mob. I suppose you can't refuse her the shelter of Greenways to be a war family in if she must, but I don't think she will care about it for long, and I quite expect she'll find it impossible at the outset, because her car will have been commandeered. At least, that's what has happened to all the motor cars here. Morgan told me he found a man he knew — an architect, who had motored down for the week-end — outside the garage yesterday morning, using language that made even the hardened old salts in the admiring crowd that had gathered round him

prick up attentive ears. No one had told him that the car had been taken, and he was too late to catch the only morning train which would have got him up to London in time for an appointment at his office fixed for twelve o'clock.

'Is it so very important?' Morgan asked, wondering whether he could spare his own car for the morning.

'Important! It's absolutely essential!' the man exclaimed. 'I *must* get to the office by twelve. If I don't see that client to-day I may never be able to nail him down to building at all — now that war's broken out!'

Mrs. Crittenden spent a lot of indignation on his 'selfishness.' But I don't know that she's in a position to blame a man with a purely peaceful profession like architecture, a wife and several children to feed and clothe and keep warm, and nothing but his earnings to do it on, even if his hopes and fears are rather severely limited. I expect it's his exasperated frankness that she finds most shocking. My own feeling is that it's people like Mrs. Morgan herself, and like you and me and Daisy, people who generally stand on platforms of enough unearned income to satisfy all their needs and quite a good proportion of their desires as well, who ought to have made use of their splendid opportunities for cultivating a national, or an imperial, or an international outlook. I'm very much ashamed of having done so little with my own chances of learning about my country's complicated problems of international existence. But my regret is tempered by an underlying conviction that I should n't have done much good even to myself by trying to become more of a political animal. I'm afraid all the study of our Foreign Office's methods and aims that I might have accomplished would n't

have been enough to bring me into the camp of the prophets whose dire forecasts are being proved so miserably true. I should probably still have been, as I am, one of the discredited fools who did n't believe a war like this was possible just because it was n't thinkable.

The people down here had much more prescience than that. They are nearly all in the proud position of being able to say, 'I told you so,' according to Morgan's report. I don't know how deep the roots of friendship with France have struck, but there's no doubting the intensity of the anti-German sentiment, and both work for the same end — at present, at all events. As far as I can make out, the prevailing feeling here is that since, as they declare, Germany was certain to go to war with us sooner or later, we may think ourselves lucky to have France and Russia for allies.

Billy is immensely excited and, as I told you, can hardly be kept from going straight up to London. He says he is ready for any sort of job — special correspondent, or artist, or photographer, or Red Cross helper, or anything else that would get him over into Belgium. Luckily Morgan won't be responsible for letting him move away from Camber yet. 'You wait a bit,' he said to him, 'they'll be wanting you in the firing line as soon as you're fit to go.'

'They don't,' said Billy; 'I'm thirty-eight.'

'That won't matter in another six months,' said Morgan.

It horrified us. We could n't (and can't) believe that nearly all Europe can go on fighting as long as that. But Morgan insisted that the war might last a year, or even longer.

'Nonsense,' said Billy; 'you've been deluded by the glitter of the German army bubble. Wait till we prick it and

see it collapse. It's too much of a show army to be reliable for fighting with.'

Morgan said he hoped so, but we'd better wait and see. And when we remembered that he had spent a long time in Germany not many years ago, and was in a better position than either of us to know about German capacities, we began to feel quite sick.

Guy has put on a pose of complete and elaborate detachment. He is considering the possibility of hiring a large, lonely house in the centre of Wales, or some equally railless and newsless part of the kingdom. There he would like to plant himself and a small detachment of the uninterested, to live undisturbed, practising the arts of peace, until the end of 'this unutterable stupidity of war.' It's rather interesting to find him sharing Daisy's wish to 'gather' under some safe, sheltering roof and wait there. Nothing less than war could ever have brought them into such practical sympathy, and I dare say it's only a fleeting phase with both of them. Billy is sure Guy's attitude will change soon. 'I don't believe it's at all the proper spirit for a Vorticist to be exhibiting,' he told him; 'you ought to be reveling in the chance of hacking away the smooth rottenness of this old civilization, ought n't you?'

But Guy said he was n't a Futurist, and Billy was mixing up incompatible principles. 'Anyway, civilization does n't strike me as being particularly smooth or even particularly rotten,' he went on, 'and war won't bring much color or variety into life; it will only make it deadly monotonous — a sort of khaki-hued desert with nothing alive in it but the fighting instinct.'

He reserves these views mostly for our benefit, and he is markedly silent about them when his little nieces and

Miss Garnett (the athletic young governess I told you about in my last letter) come down. She has two brothers in the navy and another in the army, and regards the war solely as an unparalleled opportunity for these heroes to 'see active service.' She had a letter yesterday from one of the naval ones and kindly read us extracts — it sounded like an explosion of the purest enthusiasm, punctuated by bursts of longing to 'have a good old smack' at the German fleet. 'We're all hoping old Tirpitz will have spunk enough to come out,' he wrote, 'but expert opinion does n't seem to expect him to yet. We'll boil him if he does!'

Mrs. Crittenden was the only one of us who could make any sort of a show against the array of Miss Garnett's belligerent relations. She produced a letter from a soldier nephew who might have been the twin brother of the sailor as far as the tone and terms of it went. Of course the references were to land instead of water, and to the Kaiser and Moltke instead of von Tirpitz, but those were practically the only differences. If these letters are typical of the spirit of our fighting men, I don't think there's much wrong with the youth of England — at any rate not with the public school trained youth. And I imagine the Tommies and A.B.'s are mostly just potential public school boys, taking war as a glorified game full of splendid risks, and incapable of being anything but thoroughly frivolous and sporting in company because seriousness in public is against all their traditions. I don't know how far back these English traditions go. We've heard plenty about the playing fields of Eton, but in earlier times prayer or psalm-singing seems to have been an almost better preparation for killing one's enemies than love of

sport. I hope it is n't to-day, for I'm sure the Germans will pray more than we do. Still, if grim seriousness and the spirit of devotion are going to count most, perhaps we can trust the Russians to do best of all.

I'm just going up to Rye now, to see what the latest news is. We seem to have been spending our days since Friday going miserably up and down in the little tram, trying to catch the trains that may bring papers and hanging about near the shops which post up telegrams. Write as soon as you can and tell me about yourselves and what Daisy decides to do. I suppose your plan of spending weekends at Greenways and week-middles in Chelsea really is still quite possible and convenient? Down here one can't help feeling some of Daisy's nervousness about railway communications. One has a vague sense that there is n't any use for traveling civilians, and won't be again till the war is over. But I do quite know, of course, that I'm taking a luridly exaggerated view of the inconveniences we may have to put up with. If our ways of life do change it will probably be quite slowly and undramatically, and in the meantime, no doubt, there will be plenty of people still wanting to earn their livings by selling us railway tickets and theatre tickets, and even pawn tickets.

I've heard nothing from Peter Dane lately, neither has Billy, so do tell me if you've seen anything of him or his sister. I'm afraid Miss Dane's work will be rather badly hit, won't it? I can't see much scope for anything but strictly censored war journalism at present. I have n't had any news of my own job, but I can't believe the task of compiling the *Encyclopædia* can go on. Such a big proportion of the articles would be entirely out of

date even before they could be printed (think of the revision needed of articles on 'Austria' and 'Belgium' at the very beginning of the alphabet!), and anyway there surely would n't be much of a public anxious to lay down hard cash for forty fat volumes of peptonized information. I shall probably hear from Morrison soon, and if I don't I shall go up to town, in spite of Billy and the good example. There's

plenty of room for us all at St. Leonard's Terrace — all except Daisy. And does your sister-in-law still consider you pledged to stay with her, or is the fact of her country being at war going to excuse you? In that case you, as well as Daisy, may have reason to bless at least one by-product of the European situation.

Yours always,

Nicolas.

(*To be continued*)

THE DAY OF ENLIGHTENMENT*

BY FRIEDRICH NAUMANN

[This article was published in Germany before the Allied drive began. We print it now in the belief that the opinions here expressed gain rather than lose interest in the light of the recent turn of events. The author would seem to be preparing his German readers for several contingencies, among others the breakdown of Austria, possibly, and disarmament after the war.—EDITOR.]

THE longer the war lasts the more eagerly men ask about its ending. When is Europe going to come to its senses? Is there any such thing as intelligence at all — or is it nothing but a false concept, with no foundation in reality?

That the present situation of the most advanced peoples of the world is an absurdity, it requires no extraordinary perspicacity to discern, for the whole outgrowth of centuries, thriving commerce and established morals, is turned topsy-turvy. At the outset of the war, it is true, people could pride themselves on the favorable course of events; now, however, at the expiration of the fourth year

of the war, the reverse side of the situation presents itself in material losses and moral dissolution. Concern is openly expressed over the rising generation, which lacks fatherly guidance. Stern reverence for law and property is diminishing. At the same time the birth-rate is declining, the multitude of the incapacitated is on the increase, and loss of vitality and of will-power is becoming prevalent. All this is in no sense a peculiarly German or Mittel-European condition. On the contrary, all Europe, from Russia to England, is a great lazaretto, sick and full of wounds, moans, and sleepless nights. To tolerate such a state of affairs in Europe when it can be avoided is in contradiction to the wisdom with which

* Friedrich Naumann is editor of *Die Hilfe*, which presents an attitude toward foreign policy and peace aims similar to that of the majority Socialists.

the Creator has endowed mankind. *Whether this situation is one that can be escaped — that is the question.* How is it to be done?

Theoretically, there are two fundamental ways of arriving at peace: a militaristic and a pacifistic. Each of the theories is from its nature one-sided and therefore impracticable. The really feasible ways lie somewhere between these two. In order, however, to arrive at an understanding of the possibilities it is necessary first to analyze the impracticability of each of the extreme courses.

The militaristic theory is based upon the proposition that the decision of arms is the *ultima ratio*, that is to say, the final and authoritative judgment in international quarrels. Hence it does not reckon upon the influence of good-will and considerations of humanity, but rests upon the arbitrament of the sword. There are plenty of historical and other reasons for this as long as victory is a solvable problem. Now, however, in the world war, victory belongs in the category of those problems for which after tedious effort we reach a solution that is only approximate, because of the continued fluctuations of fortune and alternatives of gain and loss in which the various participants and theatres of war are severally involved. Each breakdown within one of the fighting systems produces certain definite results in the other. Both acknowledged and illicit trade with neutrals and semi-neutrals has the tendency to interfere with any absolute world victory. Before this could occur there would be another new prolongation thrust upon us. In this way there grows up and prevails upon both sides a perpetual illusion in regard to victory, which is fostered by heroic and successful deeds, and which even in dark days is maintained by a

steadfast disposition to hopefulness. A partial decision is resisted just as long as any available forces are in existence. How much longer this interplay of forces can last no man can say. People must be careful, though, not to underestimate the possible duration of the war after the belligerents have once become accustomed to weighing the situation critically and have invested their entire resources without reserve in both present values and future credits. The war will go on as long as the armies can still secure food and munitions. Wherever a dearth of those two begins to be felt, participants will withdraw, but the rest will continue to struggle. And if at last in this way half the belligerents conquer, the question remains whether a victory over a ruined enemy is still worth one's own exhaustion. With each year of war we remove ourselves farther from the condition in which victory pays, namely, from the prime of economic and cultural life. Already, our life before the war has become a lost Paradise, and such it will be even if our arms win.

In contrast to this gloomy inner logic of militarism, the pacifistic theory attempts to win people over to a comprehension of national development free from the military régime. Good arguments can be brought forward in support of this attitude also, for obviously the recently developed technique of war is gradually prevailing against the modes of fighting hitherto in vogue, and the financial burdens of the nations make it impossible in future to establish or maintain an armament that would be completely efficacious. Even the victor in the world war would be forced into far-reaching disarmament the day after his triumph. The difficulty for the pacifists does not lie in the failure of their aims to appeal to the masses,

but rather in the perplexity of politicians and diplomats as to how to make the transition from an age which has seen the growth of militarism, into the condition of a disarmed but organized society. By nature the diplomat is fundamentally a pacifist, but he holds his appointment from a militaristic state and has no other organ than the weapons of that state. Here is a problem no less difficult of solution than that of the absolute victory. In spite of widespread longing for peace, mankind in general never had less of that good and honest confidence without which arms cannot be laid aside. The optimism of faith is also consumed in the war. Each individual tries for himself to save what he can of precious sentiments and blessings, but who now anticipates that the blood of the battlefields will bring forth the great prophets of humanity's future, who shall preach successfully to the countries of the world that the supreme good of humanity lies in the free interchange of all goods, spiritual as well as material! People listened all too little to this preaching before the war, and now it has lost its vitality. As a substitute for faith in humanity we are offered a whole series of juristic interpretations of international law and the rulings of courts of arbitration, which are not bad in themselves, but which accomplish nothing toward the actual settlement of the world war, since world peace must prepare the ground for their acceptance.

Die Hilfe

Where is enlightenment then? Does it exist or not? We are convinced that it will manifest itself some day — only we do not know whether it will still be of any advantage when that time comes. Some day, the great masses of all the warring peoples, who are willing to fight bravely as long as it is necessary, will begin their struggle against needless prolongation of the conflict. It is not in nature that this should be otherwise. With us in Germany, for all the cries of the Vaterland Party, no restriction has been laid upon this sound folk-feeling. In that fact lies the secret of the much discussed peace resolutions, not in their peculiarities. Our Government has had the courage to be wise in the midst of its military successes and to offer peace proposals. This reveals a great characteristic of the German spirit—the people, of whose subserviency the outside world has so much to say; in big things these very people are freer than all the rest! We have the practical good judgment. However, it does not help matters at all if we alone have it, before the other leading peoples. That is the painful, the difficult element of this time.

While we wait for the day of enlightenment we hear with inner rejoicing the news of victory from the West, not as if the annihilation of all other powers were proclaimed in it, but because the tidings bear upon the education of the human race, in that they indicate that it is learning to begin rational life anew.

STATION GUIDES

BY C. H. B.

THE tramp of laden men sounds and resounds in the long arched subway. Groups of soldiers, bronzed, stained, tired, muddy, but cheerful and beaming, make for the slope to the London terminus, talking, laughing, and hurrying to catch their trains for home. Fourteen days, and one of them gone already! Must another be lost in traveling, or will there be trains to-night that they can catch?

They hurry on in small parties bound for the same destinations. Many remember the time-tables of eighteen months ago. But these tables are changed, and travel is restricted now. Here at the corner stand the Station Guides, ready without hesitation or doubt to direct any man to the train and platform he requires. There are cheers and thanks. But some men linger. For them there is no train before morning. They must be fed and lodged for the night. Bad luck! another half-day will be lost out of the precious fourteen. But there is no grumbling.

'It used to be ten days, so it don't matter so much as it did.'

'Ah! and seven days when we first came home. And I knew a Highlander who had to get to the Lewis — took him three days to get there. I'll send the missus a telegram. Too late? Well, never mind, she won't mind the surprise.'

'I'm sorry I can't get on, sir, I'm on special leave, and my wife's dying. Had a telegram on Tuesday, and I've been traveling ever since. They was very kind about letting me go. Do

you think, sir, I could n't get a part of the way? I'd rather be moving than waiting.'

'Come to the Inquiry Office and we will see if we can't work round to it somehow.'

And so, after a patient quarter of an hour's search in time-tables, with the kind and sympathetic help of the Lady Inquiry Clerk we find we can get him to —, and a trunk-call telephone message to a friend of the Guide's, put through after midnight, secures a vehicle to drive him ten miles across country to his village. The handshake that rewards this arrangement was worth a hundred times the trouble of making it — and the broken word of thanks.

'Good-night, and may you find her better. Your coming will be her cure, perhaps.'

The ladies at the free buffet are busy. It is open night and day, and has been open since September, 1914. Excellent tea, cocoa, sandwiches, and biscuits are free to every sailor or soldier whose pass will satisfy the military policeman at the door. Seats and tables and newspapers all make for rough comfort and rest in the draughty place. The men are grateful, and rarely fail to repay with thanks. Many put coins into the money boxes as well, though it is never asked. All honor to the devoted ladies! And one is glad to see a British Empire medal does come their way now and again.

And how sober the men are! Once in a blue moon we have to deal

with a drunken man — really drunk and beastly. Rarely do we see men even at all the worse for liquor. Sometimes a man going back from leave has said good-bye with just one toast too many; sometimes his welcome home has been spirituous or beery a shade beyond discretion. Once we had two splendid Glasgow men, in the Argyll and Sutherland, who were the joy of everybody for the twenty minutes they roared their native songs and shook the very roof with 'Annie Laurie.' We soon persuaded them that another railway line would take them straight to their own beloved Gallowgate, and we all felt duller when their jovial voices melted away in the distance of the tunnel. The military police were discreet and all was well.

Here comes a motley crowd — some strangely attired in civilian clothes, evidently brand new — too new to be natural — and others desperately torn, wet, and ragged. The crew of a torpedoed vessel. Those in the new raiment were in night attire when she went down. She was hit twenty miles from the coast at dawn this morning. Here are the men and boys at ten o'clock at night, after wounds, immersion, rescue, and a long train journey. They are waiting for an official from their London office to take them to some hotel or rest-house for the night. Meantime a Lascar fireman is wheeled up in a barrow. He is dying, they say. He certainly looks like it. His face is green and gray. He shivers like an ague let loose — his eyes are turned up and half closed, and he groans horribly when touched or roused. The Lascar petty officer pours a torrent of furious-sounding foreign words at him with no visible result, then leaves him with a shrug that speaks volumes. Other

Lascars look at him and turn away without the least show of any feeling.

The case must be dealt with somehow. A cup of steaming cocoa and a determined effort are brought to bear. After a fierce resistance a little is administered — then a little more. Frantic resistance, and then the last gulp goes down. The truck is run up the steps to the street and away to the nearest hospital. A prompt nurse pushes the stretcher in which he now lies so that the man's feet are against a radiator. Restoratives are given, a doctor called, and the nurse declares he will pull through.

'Colored men are like that — they collapse. But we've taken him in time. His leg is wounded by the explosion, but not badly, and he will do.'

Back to the station where, at the buffet, a young English boy, only eighteen — for it is a cadet ship — is trying to thank the ladies for their hospitality. His voice is gone and he looks so ill they remonstrate with him. He was three hours in the water before rescue. He too comes — very unwillingly — to hospital; but it is necessary, for pneumonia threatens.

Shouts of cheery laughter, and five wheel-chairs, of the sort generally used only indoors, tear round the corner from the street and down the slope on to the station level behind the platforms. Blue-clad figures with felt hats and Australian badges propel the wheels with their hands. One starts a chorus and the others join, and they draw up as near the buffet door as they can steer. Their train does not leave for a quarter of an hour. They came up in these chairs at midday from a suburban hospital, and have been to a music-hall and are on their way home. Had the time of their lives. And among the five men there is but one complete leg. Four of them

glad to get back to New Zealand when the war's finished. Oh, well, if you say there's a train to-night I might as well go on it. I was going to-morrow.'

So we shake hands warmly, and he goes West to see mother's old home at 'home.'

Now a little difficulty. A sergeant has forty-eight hours' leave before sailing for Egypt, and has just come up by train from camp. His wife and the baby have met him, and it is so late there is no train back to their home before morning. Nor have they any friends to whom they can go for the night without warning. It is managed in the end, but one wants a better arrangement for such cases which do arise fairly often. It seems very difficult for women of slender means, and more especially when they are alone, to find a respectable lodging for a night in London. In this case the Salvation Army cleared a room in its admirably appointed soldiers' rest-house (which luckily was not too full, as it easily might have been) and made the little family comfortable.

'Air raid warning, sir, London district,' whispers the station inspector as he hurries past me. That entails a long weary waiting for all concerned. Trains run under 'air raid conditions' — *i.e.*, all lights out — for a time. Then all running ceases. Station guides get home after doing what they can for the traveling soldiers — most of whom elect to go to rest-houses at once — as best they may. It is hard on the men to be delayed, and they do not bless the Hun who has followed them across the channel. Yet their patience and temper are extraordinary and the ready joke helps.

One is proud to belong to them, to be of the same blood, to inhabit the

same orderly free land, to know them, to help them even with a trifling direction about a train and to earn their quiet and ready gratitude, whether it comes in a smile and a word or a confidence. It is never voluble, but always apparent. It knows that words can easily overdo it; for, among a rather silent people, words are often embarrassing both to utter and to hear.

It was reserved for a small party of American soldiers to express in speech what we Station Guides all hope is the feeling we inspire when we have learned our job and are doing it properly. They came in late at night, a non-commissioned officer and six men on their way to Paris, reporting at their embassy in London *en route*. I think they must have been men going to be employed in the H.Q. Office in Paris. They carried each a couple of 'grip sacks.' I found them on the arrival platform with a little group round them — an inspector and two or three porters and a fellow traveler or two. The sergeant was clearing his throat, and repeating very slowly and carefully in a Pittsburgh accent that would have been remarkable in Broadway — 'Can n't yew — tell me — the waye — to the militairy — check-room?'

Now not one of the listeners had ever heard of a 'check-room,' and 'militairy,' with a long accent on the penultimate syllable, was a new word to them, and in fact they were listening to a foreign tongue.

With evident relief the inspector handed me over the whole problem. It took a little solving, for they were bent on going to the best hotel in the neighborhood for the night. I asked them to be sure and come back to me if there was no accommodation. I knew that it was unlikely there would be any for seven private soldiers. So presently they returned (the hotel had

been quite full!) and surrendered themselves to my guidance. When rooms had been secured by telephone, free transit provided, directions given for their movements next day and their start for Paris in the afternoon, the grip-sacks all stowed in their con-

Blackwood's Magazine

veyance, and every one of the six shaken by the hand, then the N.C.O. gripped my hand warmly in his and held it and said—'We are vurry grateful to you, and vurry pleased to have met you. I guess you're a reg'lar "Open Sesame" over here!'

THE GOLDEN SNUFF-BOX

PART I

BY W. VICTOR COOK

'AND to think that in two hours you will be in Spain!'

The man raised his eyes wistfully towards the distant summits of the Pyrenees. There was a note in his voice to which the heart of Donald Bruce, himself an exile from his own colder, Northern land, responded sympathetically. 'Why,' asked Bruce, 'do you not visit your country, now that you are so near?'

The man clenched his hands. 'Oh, señor, if I only could!' He had broken into Spanish now, though all the way down from Montpellier he had persisted in speaking English—an execrable English—notwithstanding that Bruce spoke Spanish like a native. 'If I only could!' he repeated. 'But I am a Carlist. The name of Brieto is proscribed in Spain. Yet I must torture myself sometimes by coming here, where I have relatives, to gaze from afar on the mountains of my country!'

Bruce said nothing; and the other, standing on the open platform beside

the train, studying the young Scot's face, seemed to have something on his mind. 'Señor,' he said at last, 'we have known each other but a few hours, and that only as casual fellow travelers. But it has been my experience that Englishmen are men of honor. Have I your permission to ask a favor?'

'If I can serve you in anything, pray inform me.'

'Some would call me rash,' said Brieto. He drew something from his pocket—a small gold box like an old-fashioned snuff-box, exquisitely chased. 'I have a cousin, señor, who lives in Andorra, at the inn of the Six Curarts.* His name is Andrea Maquin. My father, an exile like myself, has recently died. He left this trinket, of some family interest, to my cousin. I had intended sending it by post, but in these unhappy days the international post is very insecure. The parcel would certainly be opened by the

* Andorra is divided into six curarts or communes.

French authorities, and the trinket is of value. If it could be posted in Spain, there would be a greater chance of my cousin receiving it safely.'

Bruce hesitated.

'Pray examine it,' said Brieto. 'I assure you there is nothing contraband in my poor father's snuff-box.' He opened the box, which was quite empty, and handed it to the Scot, who looked at it with curiosity and admiration.

'This is a very beautiful and valuable thing,' Bruce said. 'You repose great confidence in a stranger, señor.'

'I am reposing confidence in the honor of an Englishman.'

'If you desire it, I will take your box and post it, Señor Brieto. I will write a receipt for it.'

The Spaniard made a gesture of impatience. 'What is the use of a receipt? If you are an honest man, it is needless. If you were not, how would a receipt bring my box back? The train is starting. *Con Dios*, Señor Bruce!'

The train drew out for Spain, with the gold box in the Scotsman's hands. He turned to a gaunt, long-limbed, massively-built man in the compartment with him, and, with a smile, held out the trinket. 'What think you, Little Bird? I must have a face of extraordinary honesty.'

The 'Little Bird,' *Pablo el Pajarillo* — for so the great fellow was jokingly nicknamed by his Catalan fellow countrymen — took the box in his hands and shrugged his big shoulders. 'As for your face, Señor Bruce, I have nothing to say against it; but had I a toy like this, I should not entrust it to the first stranger.' He examined the box and shook his gray head. 'Stolen, I should say.'

'*Hombre!* I never thought of that. What a fool!'

As Bruce took back the box it slipped through his fingers and fell

with a crash on the brass fittings of the compartment. With an exclamation of dismay, he picked it up, and looked to see if it had been damaged.

'*Pablo mio*, come here, quick!'

The chased gold lid had sprung open with the jolt, but instead of opening as before in a single piece, the lid revealed itself to be duplicate. In the interstice between the two metal plates was a piece of thin Indian paper, the whole of one side of which was covered with very small angular writing. The penmanship was fine, but not a letter could Bruce make out. The script ran from right to left, from which he guessed it to be in some Eastern language. 'What do you make of it, Little Bird?'

The Catalan frowned. 'Spy work, señor.'

'At the frontier I will hand it to the French customs.'

'If you do, the good God only knows when we shall get back to Spain. And I am longing to see my wife and family, from whom I have been absent now for more than six months.'

Bruce smiled. The plea of homesickness was invariably raised by his companion whenever circumstances seemed to point to a new adventure, yet Bruce had never met a man with a greater love of adventure for its own sake than this daredevil old Catalan, with whom he had been associated for half a year in a succession of curious affairs. He made no reply, but settling himself in a corner, concentrated his wits on the effort to decipher the mysterious writing. Pajarillo, in the opposite corner, sat calmly smoking.

Suddenly the Scot stood up, and held the bit of paper to a small mirror in the side of the compartment. Then he reached for his valise, and got out a pocket dictionary. 'Little Bird, this is

nothing but German script, written in reverse with the left hand. And, unless I am mistaken, it concerns you and me very closely, *amigo*.' So saying, he looked up a few words in the dictionary.

'Hark to this, Pajarillo: "Two individuals very dangerous to the fishing industry have just returned to Spain after a journey most destructive of our useful trade. One is a Scotsman, Donald Bruce, an employee of M'Iloy, M'Iloy, and M'Allister, the big wine firm. He lives at Barcelona, but visits the various ports where his firm has interests. They are believed to be financing his present exploits. The other man is an ex-smuggler, also of Barcelona, a long-legged rascal called Pablo el Pajarillo. This precious pair are known to have brought about the destruction during the past six months of at least four fine vessels of our fishing fleet, and to have caused serious trouble to several others. It is of the highest importance to put an end, at any cost, to the work of these fellows, for not only have they obtained considerable knowledge of our business methods, but they are very skillful and daring. I commend this matter to your immediate and most earnest attention. Send your next invoice through Montlouis. — KARL.'"

'Perdition!' The Little Bird's tone was ugly. 'I should like to get my hands on this Karl's windpipe.'

'That fellow Brieto,' said Bruce, 'must have followed us all the way from Naples. He is dangerous, for he must have found out about us at the inquiry there into the sinking of our last U-boat.'

'What will you do?'

'I will leave this paper with the French authorities at the frontier, with a hint to make the acquaintance of Señor Brieto at the earliest possible moment. I will then go to Andorra

to have a talk with Señor Andrea Maquin about the fishing industry.'

Pajarillo smiled wryly. 'This Brieto has a turn for paraphrase. He has the politeness to call the sinking of four of their cursed U-boats an interference with "the fishing industry"! Oh, excellent! I will go with you to Andorra, Señor Bruce.'

'And your wife and family, Little Bird, whom you have not seen for six months?'

'They will not run away.' The smuggler blew out volumes of smoke from his cigar. Evidently the prospect of a fresh adventure was a tonic to his lawless soul.

It was not a difficult matter for Bruce to secure in his clothing the slip of German script, together with a hastily written note of his own explaining its origin. The papers of himself and his companion were in perfect order, and with no more than the usual delays of war-time travel they passed the frontier. Not till the train had left the French customs station at Cerbère, and reached the Spanish station at Port Bou, did he venture to hand his little communication in a sealed envelope to the guard of the train. 'Monsieur,' said he, 'information which may be of importance to the republic is contained in this letter, which I beg you to hand to the proper authority immediately on your return to France. My name and address accompany the information, and as soon as I have attended to certain urgent matters in Spain, I shall be happy to hold myself at the disposition of the French authorities.'

A great deal of interesting matter might be written about that curious political antiquity, the tiny mountain republic of Andorra, which lies in the heart of the High Pyrenees between France and Spain. Donald Bruce, endowed with all a Scotsman's love of

knowledge, acquired a fund of information about the quaint little buffer-state in the two days between his arrival at Port Bou and his departure from the last Spanish town of Seo de Urgel into the heart of the mountains. Notwithstanding his pretty thorough knowledge of Spain, Andorra was new to him.

For the purpose of their stalking of Andrea Maquin, he was to pose as an American tourist, collecting material for articles on the historical antiquities and the facilities for sport in Charlemagne's little republic. Pajarillo was to act as his guide. 'I shall address you, Little Bird, in the most atrocious Castilian ever spoken by mortal man. It is fortunate that the Andorrans speak your Catalan dialect, for this will enable me to pretend that I do not understand one word in ten which may be spoken to me.'

Early summer in the High Pyrenees is compounded of sunny mornings and afternoons of thunderstorm. It was in a deluge of mountain rain that Bruce and Pajarillo drew up their mules before the plain stone inn of the Six Curats. The Little Bird explained their desires according to plan, and mine host, who, like all Andorrans, had a keen eye for business, received the supposed American with as near an approach to effusiveness as the reserve of his race permitted. Only one other guest, he informed them, was honoring his poor house at that moment, a wealthy merchant from Madrid, who was reëstablishing in these fine mountain airs the health which overstrain in business and the trying climate of Madrid had threatened to undermine. 'A notable fellow,' said mine host, '*muy simpático, muy español*'—than which the Spanish tongue contains no greater praise.

They met the merchant from Madrid at supper that night, and learned

without much surprise that his name was Maquin. The conversation was carried on mainly by the Little Bird and Maquin, Donald Bruce, true to his rôle of innocent American, contenting himself with nods and smiles, the offer of a well-filled cigar case, and a few sentences of atrocious Spanish. Over a bottle of wine the Little Bird waxed confidential, and imparted to the Madrid merchant the story agreed upon as to the literary mission of his patron. Señor Maquin was full of courteous interest.

'One reads so much about these American journalists,' he said. 'And you yourself, Señor Pajarillo, are you well acquainted with Andorra?'

The Little Bird shrugged. 'With a good mule to ride, and a Catalan tongue in the head, one is very well in the Pyrenees.'

'True. Yet you will pardon me, who have stayed here several months, if I take the liberty to offer a piece of advice?'

'Good advice does not grow on every bush,' said the Little Bird. 'We shall be grateful, señor.'

'Since your friend is a journalist, he would do well to keep away from the French frontier. The line is not everywhere easy to distinguish in these mountain gorges, and it would be very inconvenient to be suddenly held up and searched in these times of war. There are lawless spirits, too, among the frontier smugglers, and accidents, as you know, Señor Pajarillo, happen so easily. Do you follow me, Señor Bruce?'

Bruce, who was keenly but cautiously following every word, shook his head. 'Alas!' he said in his appalling Castilian, 'I understand but few words of Spanish—that noble language.'

The veiled threat in Maquin's caution had not been lost on him, but Pajarillo smiled as he replied, 'I shall

certainly keep my patron from running into danger. That will not be difficult, for, outside his literary work, his one interest in life seems to be fishing.'

'Fishing!' Señor Maquin started as if he had been stung. Then he laughed. 'To be sure! These mountain streams are a paradise for anglers. I shall be pleased to introduce you to some of the best waters.'

'My patron will be infinitely grateful,' said Pajarillo. To Bruce, slowly, and in careful Castilian, he explained: 'Thanks to this gentleman, we are to enjoy some good fishing.'

The Scotsman bowed and smiled with well-affected delight. '*Muchisimas gracias*. It will indeed be a pleasure,' he said with careful mispronunciation.

Afterwards, alone with the Little Bird, he said, 'That fellow is suspicious.'

Chambers's Journal

(To be continued)

The Catalan grinned. 'To a good angler, the suspicions of the fish are the spice of the sport. We are in no hurry, you and I. To begin with, we are going to make a thorough inspection of the old Council House of the republic, and in the interests of your magazine you are going to obtain a photograph of the famous charter of Charlemagne in the archives. This will take some time, for the archives, it appears, are kept in a cupboard with an iron door, to which there are six locks, and the key of one lock is entrusted to each of the six communes of the republic, and the cupboard cannot be opened except by all the locks being unfastened at the same time. This will give us an opportunity to tramp about the valleys of Andorra, and perhaps to learn a little more of our obliging acquaintance.'

JAPAN AND THE WAR

WHEN the United States entered the war, the Tokio *Genro*, or Council of Elder Statesmen, sent Viscount Ishii to Washington with a view to clearing up all the friction and misunderstanding of the last two decades. This ill-feeling was mainly due to penal laws passed in the three Pacific States against Japanese immigrants. There was quite a war scare over this matter during Roosevelt's second term, with an angry press in Tokio, as well as in San Francisco and New York. However, the affair subsided, and the Root-Takahira 'Gentlemen's Agreement' (1907) succeeded at least in shelving a problem which was at one time so acute that California threat-

ened to secede from the Union, if Washington insisted upon sacrificing her rights as a sovereign State, and interfering in a question which concerned the coastal peoples only.

The Ishii Mission was so great a success that its head was appointed Ambassador, replacing Aimaro Sato, who was himself a newcomer in Washington and had just been hailed as the ideal envoy of Japan. We know that America was reluctant to give formal assent to the armed intervention of Japan in Siberia. President Wilson was waiting for a mandate from the Russian people. He had already sent two industrial missions to Petrograd, with offers of large

loans, railway engines and steel tracks, agricultural implements, and the like. Both of these missions were abortive, thanks to malignant misrepresentation from returned immigrants, of whom Leon Trotzky was one.

The Bolshevik leader, not many months ago, earned a precarious living in New York as a reporter, at twelve dollars a week, on the staff of the *Novi Mir*, an anarchic Russian sheet which was edited in a cellar of First Avenue, and was at length excluded from the American mails. To these Russo-Americans — Bolsheviks, all — America was a tyrannous land of privilege and caste, eclipsing the worst abuses of Tsardom. Wilson was branded as the 'head of a rapacious imperialism'; Elihu Root, his representative, was 'the greatest Tory of them all.' Yet now at long last we see America hand in hand with Japan, intent upon the regeneration of Russia, whom the President is determined to restore 'to her great rôle in the life of Europe and the modern world.'

It would be disingenuous to pretend that Japan is 'popular' in the United States, in the sense that France and England are popular at this hour. The obliteration of Korea, the absorption of Manchuria, and the Twenty-one Demands upon China by the Okuma-Kato Government of 1915 — these steps, together with the marked hostility of California, Oregon, and Washington, made President Wilson's *rapprochement* with Japan a task of peculiar delicacy and difficulty. But America sees democratic movements astir in a new industrialized Japan. There are symptoms of the reformist spirit of the Taika epoch of pre-feudal times; a profound modification of that centripetal Mikadoism and *bushido* worship of the sword, which were tenets entirely foreign to democratic ideals.

America remembers that it was she who drew Nippon from its mediæval aloofness. She it was who knocked at a closed door; and Commodore Perry called upon the Shogun and Mikado with a curiously minatory voice.

It was no unarmed ships that President Filmore sent to Japan; his letter was a curt demand for trading privilege, and it threw the feudal nation into panic and alarm. Since that far-off day — and the Marquis Okuma can recall it — the progress of Japan is perhaps the greatest marvel of history. To-day she can build super-dreadnoughts like the Nagato, the Fuso, Ise, Hiuga, and Yamashiro. The first of these equals our own Elizabeths; there are yards at Kure, Nagasaki, Sasebo, and Yokosuka which are not outclassed by any in Europe. Vice Admiral Kondo is a naval architect of world-wide renown; all structural material comes from Wakamatsu, armor plates and heavy ordnance from Kure or Mormoran, in the Kokkaido.

As for the army, now at double divisional strength and moulded on German lines, its prowess has already been victoriously tested against a great European Power. Then the mercantile marine of Japan ousted the American flag from the Pacific; the 'little people' stood forth at last as a formidable force in the world's affairs, with the hegemony of Asia as a declared policy, and special interests in moribund China — as Viscount Ishii explained to the American Government. State-Secretary Lansing published this fact last year in a Memorandum which declared that all misunderstanding between the two nations was at an end, having been mainly fomented by German intrigue.

This Memorandum was received with a sort of chastened acceptance;

the Hearst journals, from Boston to Los Angeles — always a mischievous factor — were openly hostile to it.

Since the war began, Japan has undoubtedly enjoyed a 'flush time.' And her shipping was ready for the boom, having increased by 550 per cent. since 1896. Russia alone called upon her for 9,500,000 yards of cloth for army uniforms, and £20,000,000 worth of munitions of war. The elimination of German and Austrian competition poured money into Japan, where the *narikin*, or mushroom millionaire, was soon a crude portent in the land, with his palace in the Ginza, his gorgeous motors and banquets that rivaled those of Newport or New York in the days of America's Babylonian luxury. Shinya Uchida, the shipping magnate, cleared 5,000,000 *yen* in one year; his company paid a dividend of 650 per cent — the greatest ever known in Japan.

Naruse of Kobe, Harada of Osaka, and Ichiyu Tojo of Yokohama, these are *narikins* of to-day; the last-named made a meteoric fortune in iron and steel. Other millions were made out of dyestuffs and cotton, sheet glass and antimony, electric wire and apparatus, as well as porcelain, matches, paper, celluloid, and toys, meanwhile Japan as a nation had changed from borrower to lender.

Russia floated a large loan with her Eastern neighbor. American securities were largely bought by Japan, as well as £10,000,000 worth of British Exchange bonds; her reserve of gold specie is to-day about £80,000,000, and her foreign trade now approaches £200,000,000 a year. This is the land which not so long ago tried to borrow a paltry £1,000,000 on the London market, and was charged 12 per cent, with its uses rigidly ear-marked, and the lenders laughed at for their folly in trusting a theatrical people whose industrial incapacity was so 'notorious'!

The Tokio of to-day is a Japanese New York, with keen speculation in the Kabuto-cho, which is the Wall Street of a half-Westernized metropolis, now clanging with trams and smart cars, glittering shops and theatres and giant stores; telephones, dance halls, and all the fevered impulse of prosperity. Osaka, the Manchester of Japan, is the greatest emporium in the East for cotton yarns; an incongruous hive of red brick factories and mills, belching black smoke — although of one or two stories only, as a precaution against recurrent earthquakes.

It is in Osaka that one realizes the new democratic movement. For labor is not yet honored in Japan, where the *samurai* or fighting man still ranks above the healer, inventor, or artisan. Popular education bade fair to be eclipsed by a new militarism; the scheme of a great university for each of the eight divisions of the Empire was neglected; and as a result Japan is curiously lacking in high-grade machinists and engineers, as well as in trained intelligence capable of directing her enormous industries.

A factory doctor of the Nagano Prefecture related in the Tokio *Osahi* how the girls worked fifteen hours for eightpence a day. 'They dwell promiscuously in small dark chambers, and at night they sleep on the premises, two girls face to face on each mat.'

At least 40 per cent of these workers are found to be tuberculous. And their only escape was by way of the tea-house and prostitution. It is true that factory laws were passed in the Diet, but these were nullified by interested employers, who declared that they could not meet foreign competition if they were compelled to forego child labor and night work, as well as to observe the new scale of hours and hygienic regulations. Skilled workers get from a shilling to two shillings a

day, and this represents an increase on pre-war wages. The primary school teacher, as a married man with a wife and two children, lately published in Tokio his household budget showing a salary of £3 10s. a month.

No wonder the masses are vaguely impelled by Western ideas of betterment and economic freedom. Even the women are now talking of political suffrage, led by the famous actress, Kimura Komaku, who edits a suffrage magazine in Tokio. There are now women lawyers and doctors and writers in Japan. Asa Hiruka is a lady banker of Osaka, as well as a company promoter and the head of a big insurance concern. So goes the new ferment.

'Why is it,' Representative Ozaki asked Marshal Terauchi in the Japanese Parliament, 'that while democracy is gaining ground all over the world, bureaucracy still maintains its hold over the freer political ideals in China and Japan?' The Prime Minister replied very coldly; he could not discern the tendencies to which the speaker referred.

But the Elder Statesmen are not receptive to this new and 'foreign' force; these men belong to another age. It was the late Prince Ito who assured Mdme. Hiruka that, looking over the world's religions in quest of one that might suit Japan, he thought Christianity 'good enough on the whole, but rather too strict in its moral standards.' Marshal Terauchi has hinted that he will resign when America's coöperation in Russia is complete. The veteran Chosu and Satsuma clansmen are passing now, and Komura's son warns young Japan to face with courage and resolution her new awakening destiny.

She is, Komura says, at the parting of the ways, and must make up her mind between the two camps of broad Western liberalism and the old bu-

shido cultus of blind loyalty to the throne, Spartan simplicity and the martial inspiration of a by-gone age. In 1921 the Anglo-Japanese Alliance runs out; and there are signs that admiration of Germany, which was Japan's social and political model from the 'eighties onwards, is decidedly on the wane. A stalemate peace would undoubtedly strengthen the reactionaries of Tokio and Osaka; the total defeat of Prussianism will as surely give impetus to the demand for popular rights.

That there are many leaders in politics and industry who favor Germany and the methods of *Deutschum* is not to be denied; these leanings have been explained in America by Dr. M. Anesako, who was exchange professor at Harvard, and in Tokio by Motosada Zumoto, the owner of the *Japan Times*, who sums up his impressions in these words: 'Germany has made her spectacular effort and now is doomed.' There can, he thinks, be no German-Japanese alliance, for that possibility was quenched in 1902, when Japan inclined to England, who had refused to join the triple intervention in the peace terms of the Chino-Japanese War.

Meanwhile our Eastern Ally has given us aid in many seas. She now embarks in the work of Russian redemption with the United States, which is committed to victory over Prussianism even 'to her last man and her last dollar'—as Marshal Joffre told his people on returning from New York. The association of these two Powers is a fortuitous event. It is hoped that Russia's millions will take heart once more, in what President Wilson calls 'Humanity's War,' which can only end with the suppression of oligarchy and the establishment of popular freedom throughout the world—including Japan herself.

IN THE BREATHLESS FOREST

BY VAHINÉ PAPAA

[A tragic, but true story of a white woman, the daughter of a missionary, living a lonely life for more than forty years with a savage African tribe, and bearing patiently the horrors of her lot.]

WE were on the banks of the Niger, in the blue and gold immensity of its lakes and its sand-dunes. The intense heat of the sun caused the scorching air to rise in waves that quivered in the brilliant light. One would have said that it was a pure fluid, lighter and more transparent than water, bubbling above the burning sands.

On the terrace of the station — a group of earthen barracks with roofs of plaited straw — the rocks, level with the ground, were of the deep red of overheated metal, and made the atmosphere like that of a furnace. All about, in the boundless plain, flamed the tall grasses, veiling the horizon in dense black clouds. Not a breath tempered the ghastly heat, not a sound disturbed the silence of the hunted earth, save that, at long intervals, dead leaves fell with a metallic sound, as if the strings of a violin were breaking, one after another.

In that limpid and silent immensity we felt far away from everything, lost in burning Africa. Endless stretches of plains on fire separated us from the civilized world, from the nearest point where one could find white men and houses; where the mails from Europe arrived by rail.

Through a whole season, the river that so resembled the ocean had filled our horizon with its muddy, swirling waters, beneath the sky and its copious clouds. Now it was a highway of

yellow sand — a triumphal thoroughfare over which the summer had spread its carpet of gold and azure. It flowed away to the distant regions where the sun is king, to Timbuctoo the mysterious, to the boundless deserts. Many months must pass ere the slender threads of water which we watched meandering amid the sand-banks, like tufts of violets on the edge of a field of grain, would complete their immeasurable journey and, at last, reach the ocean and lose themselves in its embrace, still warm from the long caresses of the sun.

Under the very low roof of the barrack, in the blessed, almost cool shade, Lieutenant de Boiscouvert, his eyes fixed intently upon the vast yellow expanse, seemed to be drinking in the intensely bright light, breathing it through every pore, saturating himself with it voluptuously.

'The sun and light and plenty of space before one — if you knew how vividly man feels as if he were born again after so many months spent in the green obscurity of the woods! To think that during the two years that I lived yonder, beaten down by the hot and unhealthy gloom, you have been able, every morning, to watch the sun rise over this radiant landscape! That you have followed it with your eyes, every day, in its journey through the pure sky, and that sometimes, perhaps, you have cursed it for

being too bright and for lavishing too generously the heat of its beams!’

He told us of the terrible months in the forest, without air or light, beneath the awe-inspiring vault of the huge trees, denser and more compact than the stone ceiling of the darkest dungeon.

‘There was nothing alive there except the hideous beasts that crawl and slaver—the damned of the Creation. And we too were damned—the unhappy creatures of light imprisoned in that limitless prison. We walked with our heads bent down, on the lookout for the innumerable snares laid for us by our deadly foes, darkness and dampness. The dampness slimy and sticky, the darkness unwholesome and treacherous—of greenish hue, like decomposing flesh.

‘We were jealous of the monkeys which we could hear sometimes laughing and chasing one another. They were so high above our heads that the sound of the rustling leaves barely reached us, as if it were wrapped in down, through the sickening mists that rose from the earth.

‘For days and weeks we went on like that, always in the green gloom, in the hot steam redolent of fever and death. Now and then a clearing appeared—a luminous oasis in the murky immensity. People were living there—savage and almost inhuman creatures, who fled at our approach. At night they would return and treacherously attack us, and would follow on our trail, always out of sight, to disinter our dead and feast upon them in heart-sickening fashion.

‘It was many months since we had left the last stations of the French Congo, to plunge into the endless forest. It seemed to us all, privates and officers, black and white, that we should never again see the joyous sunlight. We had ended by acquiring

eyes like a mole’s or a bat’s, and souls of sombre melancholy.

‘Some of us had formerly lived through some wicked hours under the blazing sky of the Sahara. In the early days of our journey, these men had rejoiced in the cool shadow under the mystery-laden vault. They took pleasure in encouraging us by telling us of the long marches in the fiery furnace—heat ascending from the earth and descending from the sky. They described the mirages, when you are tortured by thirst and see in the distance murmuring springs, or lakes that stretch farther than the eye can see. And, as well, the torture of the too brilliant glare, of that boundless expanse of gold, which blinds you: gold of the spangled sands, gold of the sun’s rays, which there is nothing to stay or to temper.

“‘Never complain of shadow,” they would say. “You have never known the glare that drives one mad and the thousands of sharpened arrows that the sun darts into your eyes and your skull, so that you come at last to curse the daylight, to blaspheme Him who said: ‘Let there be light!’”

‘Little by little they, too, the martyrs of the sun, suffered from living no longer in the light. They ceased to talk of the tortures they had suffered; but sometimes, in days of ennui, they described the bright dawns over yonder, the meditative evenings when the sun is setting, flushing the arid soil, caressing it with its level, dying beams.

‘After four months we had ceased to mention either light or sun. They were like very dear deceased friends whom we had laid in the grave and whose too painful memory we feared to awaken. We marched on and on in the green, damp gloom, suffering less because we thought little, and no longer anticipating anything more

than other days to come, like depressing nights, so long as our strength endured.

'Then there would be the hastily dug grave, and the comrades assembled with not even strength enough now to grieve. All about, everywhere, among the pillars of the accursed temple, stood creatures who were hardly human, spying and awaiting the departure of the living to enjoy their atrocious banquet.

'One day, when we were almost at the end of our strength and our courage, and the heat was damper and more suffocating, and the murkiness more unwholesome than ever, one of the skirmishers of the advance guard came running back to warn us that we were approaching a clearing.

"There's a village there, and a lot of wild men."

'It was the usual collection of wretched hovels in a small space where the woods were less dense. The same type of creatures, with hideous bestial faces, seamed with tattooings, with teeth filed saw-fashion in thick-lipped mouths.

'Instead of running away, however, some had remained to await our coming. They let us approach without manifesting any other emotion than a sort of timid distrust.

'One of them, who seemed to be the chief, deigned to accept our gifts — knives and glass trinkets. He inquired about the object of our journey, and smiled pityingly when he learned that we had come from one country where there were white men, to make our way through the forest to another country where also the white men were masters.

"The forest reaches to the end of the world, and you will never find the end of it."

'He offered us some spears of grain that were growing around the huts, and,

in a suspicious tone, asked the interpreter a question that made him start.

"The chief asks," he translated, "if we have seen the white woman."

'The white woman! Had our interpreter gone mad?

"Yes, there's a white woman in the village. She's been here a long time, a long time. She's older than anything, that woman is, commandant."

'At once our French hearts beat fast. A woman of our race alone among these savages?

'We divined a ghastly drama — the woman carried off as booty when some caravan passed, and living there among those beasts, in a captivity worse than death.

'However, according to all the information we had been able to gather, white men had never ventured so far into the tropical forest. How could a woman have passed within range of these wild men, and have been carried off, and remained among them, and no one ever have concerned himself about her fate?

'The chief either knew nothing or would tell nothing. He spoke of the white woman with great respect and offered to take us to her.

'A little apart from the group of huts, was a structure of earth and plaited straw, very low, like an enormous hive set against a smooth wall. The space about it was well cared for and neat; there was a sort of small garden near the hut. The interior, although similar to those of many of the black men we had been seeing for months past, had wider apertures and more air and light.

'A white woman sat huddled up on a mat in front of a tiny fire over which a kettle was hissing. At the chief's call she rose and came toward us.

'Her face was seamed with wrinkles, and she was bent double; a great mass of snow-white hair framed her melan-

choly countenance. Melancholy, too, — profoundly, mortally melancholy, — was the expression of her poor watery eyes, dull and lifeless as if melted by tears.

‘To our most respectful “Good morning, madame,” she answered in English: “Welcome. Where have you come from? Where are you going?”’

‘She spoke with difficulty, seeking the right words, for brain and tongue alike had become unused to sounds which, in all probability, she had not uttered for many years.

‘A pallid smile lighted up her face while, with great dignity, she did us the honors of her primitive establishment. She called her husband — an old man of somewhat less bestial aspect than the others — and her children, of whom there were some half a dozen: fine boys and girls of comparatively white skin. All greeted us with some reserve and some signs of distrust.

‘For the first time since the forest had held us in bondage, we had the feeling that we were in the presence of human beings, endowed with souls.

‘We hardly dared question the old lady, so surprised were we to find in her instead of the desperate and rebellious prisoner that we had expected to see, a mother of a family leading a resigned, if not a happy life amid her people.

‘Little by little, in her English speech, of which the words came back to her with such difficulty, she told us her story.

‘She was an American, from New York State. Her mother died very young, and her father had emigrated to Africa, where he became a missionary.

‘Alone, with no escort, they had journeyed into the very heart of the forest, where the natives, seeing that they were inoffensive, let them wander

where they would. They had settled, some forty years before, in that same clearing, among the wretched beings who dwelt there.

‘The father was a true apostle, overflowing with zeal, whom none of the difficulties of his ministry could daunt. He was infinitely happy in working for his Master, and readily convinced himself that his daughter was equally overjoyed to sacrifice herself in the same way.

‘But the poor maid was only twenty, yet found herself buried alive throughout the long years, far from her kind, in the deepest depths of the gloomy and mystery-laden continent. She had days of horrible despair, of longing for death; then took up again the burden of existence, always, at every turn, finding fastened upon her the eyes of a young black man who had not quite so much as his fellows the semblance of an unintelligent brute.

‘She was twenty years old, and had never lived. One day her father discovered that she loved the young savage, or rather, that, in despair, and to bring into her life something other than the ghastly monotony of the joyless and rayless days, she had yielded to his desires. His daughter’s irreparable dishonor ruined the poor man’s life; it was the final crushing blow. He considered that her sin bound her to the man for her whole life, and that marriage alone could redeem the shame. So he married them, with despair at his heart, believing that he was doing his bounden duty as a Christian and a father. But he did not forgive, and the mere sight of his daughter became hateful to him. As soon as he had united her, according to the rites of his church, to the miserable creature whom they hardly dared to call a man, he went away.

"It is forty years since he left me, so far as I have been able to keep account of the months and years in this solitude," she said. "I have never heard from him. I do not know whether he died on his terrible journey all alone through the forest, or whether he is still alive and has not forgiven me. And I thought that I should die without ever seeing a white face again."

"Still, her life had not been so utterly miserable as one might well have thought. Her husband had been good to her, so far as he knew how. She had tried to develop his mind and heart, to raise him above the level of the brutes who surrounded them. Gradually he had become more or less refined, his soul had awakened, and his influence had reacted on the others.

"She had given her children a smattering of education. To know too much would have been only a curse to them, condemned as they were to live apart from the world.

"We had but one book—the Bible—and that was enough. Seeing us so united, almost happy, our neighbors, too, have learned the great law of life—that which sums up all the rest and which the most uncultivated mind can understand: Love one another. Now we all live at peace in our clearing; we work, and I say to myself that my life has not been utterly thrown away. I await death tranquilly; it must come soon, and I am happy to have seen men of my own race once more."

"We were completely dumbfounded, I assure you, by this calm resignation. What that unfortunate woman must have suffered during these forty years is inconceivable. That she did not kill herself shows that she had an almost superhuman strength of character. Or else," the lieutenant added, in a somewhat skeptical and mocking

tone, "a truly marvelous, miraculous faith.

"It seemed to us an atrocious thing to leave her there, in that tomb, and one of us timidly hazarded an offer of service. Would she not take advantage of our passing that way, to go with us and return to civilization?

"But to all our suggestions she shook her head. "It is too late; I am at the end of my course. Leave me to die here. And do not carry away too sad a memory of the white woman buried in the heart of the African forest. She has lived her life, and rest will be sweet to her."

"The next morning the forest imprisoned us once more and the struggle began anew against the deadly heat and dampness, against the horror of the greenish murk, where the corpse-eaters prowled invisible.

"Two months more we journeyed before we found ourselves again surrounded by light and pure air.

"Your valley of the Niger, so rich and luminous, is a paradise in which I seem to live again. But the thought of that poor woman pursues me, haunts me night and day. I would like to meet the unnatural father who, in the name of Christian morality, dared to condemn his child to the most shocking of punishments—a solitude of forty years among brutes with human faces, in the forest where air and light are unknown. I would like to set before him one by one, omitting no least detail, the torments which his child has suffered and which she described to me. Mental torments above all, which one could read in each wrinkle on that poor face, and in her dull, grief-stricken eyes, and her wan smile. Then he could tell me, if he dared, by what right, in the name of what merciless ideal, he condemns when his God forgives.

'But let us say no more about it. I am ashamed to be enjoying the society of my own kind, ashamed to rejoice in the sunshine and the light, when I think of that poor immured soul, living yonder in the endless forest.

'Let us look, rather, at your Niger flowing between her golden sands, and do you tell me something of what has happened in the world in the two years since I left it.'

We watched the sun sink slowly to the horizon, flushing with rose-color the triumphal path of azure and gold, which stretched away into infinite space.

But while we talked of a thousand things, my thoughts returned in-

La Bibliothèque Universelle et Revue Suisse

cessantly to the unhappy recluse of the forest. And I said to myself that, however horrible her existence may have been, however shocking the punishment, the poor woman ought nevertheless to feel that she had not lived in vain. In those souls which knew not themselves she had kindled the spark of life which does not die out. Into the gloomy forest she had brought a little light, into those savage hearts a little love.

I imagine that, when the day of deliverance comes, when her soul at last flies away from her sombre prison, a kindly word will greet her on the threshold of the everlasting light:

'Well done, good and faithful servant. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'

RUPERT BROOKE*

THIS memoir of Rupert Brooke has been delayed, in Mrs. Brooke's words, because of 'my great desire to obtain the collaboration of some of his contemporaries at Cambridge, and during his young manhood, for I strongly believe that they knew the largest part of him.' But his contemporaries are for the most part scattered or dead; and though Mr. Marsh has done all that ability or care can do, the memoir which now appears is 'of necessity incomplete.' It is inevitably incomplete, as Mr. Marsh, we are sure, would be the first to agree, if for no other reason because it is the work of an older man. A single sentence brings this clearly before us. No under-

graduate of Rupert Brooke's own age would have seen 'his radiant youthful figure in gold and vivid red and blue, like a page in the Riccardi Chapel'; that is the impression of an older man. The contemporary version would have been less pictorial and lacking in the half humorous tenderness which is so natural an element in the mature vision of beautiful and gifted youth. There would have been less of the vivid red and blue and gold, more that was mixed, parti-colored, and matter for serious debate. In addition, Mr. Marsh has had to face the enormous difficulties which beset the biographers of those who have died with undeveloped powers, tragically, and in the glory of public gratitude. They leave so little behind them that can

* *The Collected Poems of Rupert Brooke. With a Memoir. Sidgwick and Jackson. 10s. 6d. net.*

serve to recall them with any exactitude. A few letters, written from school and college, a fragment of a diary — that is all. The power of expressing oneself naturally in letters comes to most people late in life. Rupert Brooke wrote freely, but not altogether without self-consciousness, and it is evident that his friends have not cared to publish the more intimate passages in his letters to them. Inevitably, too, they have not been willing to tell the public the informal things by which they remember him best. With these serious and necessary drawbacks Mr. Marsh has done his best to present a general survey of Rupert Brooke's life which those who knew him will be able to fill in here and there more fully, perhaps a little to the detriment of the composition as a whole. But they will be left, we believe, to reflect rather sadly upon the incomplete version which must in future represent Rupert Brooke to those who never knew him.

Nothing, it is true, but his own life prolonged to the usual term, and the work that he would have done, could have expressed all that was latent in the crowded years of his youth — years crowded beyond the measure that is usual even with the young. To have seen a little of him at that time was to have seen enough to be made skeptical of the possibility of any biography of a man dying, as he died, at the age of twenty-eight. The remembrance of a week spent in his company, of a few meetings in London and the country, offers a tantalizing fund of memories at once very definite, very little related to the Rupert Brooke of legend, presenting each one an extremely clear sense of his presence, but depending so much upon that presence and upon other circumstances inextricably involved with it, that one may well despair of rendering

a clear account to a third person, let alone to a multiple of many people such as the general public.

But the outline at least is clear enough. So much has been written of his personal beauty that to state one's own first impression of him in that respect needs some audacity, since the first impression was of a type so conventionally handsome and English as to make it inexpressive or expressive only of something that one might be inclined half humorously to disparage. He was the type of English young manhood at its healthiest and most vigorous. Perhaps at the particular stage he had then reached, following upon the decadent phase of his first Cambridge days, he emphasized this purposely; he was consciously and defiantly pagan. He was living at Grantchester; his feet were permanently bare; he disdained tobacco and butcher's meat; and he lived all day, and perhaps slept all night, in the open air. You might judge him extreme, and from the pinnacle of superior age assure him that the return to nature was as sophisticated as any other pose, but you could not from the first moment of speech with him doubt that, whatever he might do, he was an originator, one of those leaders who spring up from time to time and show their power most clearly by subjugating their own generation. Under his influence the country near Cambridge was full of young men and women walking barefoot, sharing his passion for bathing and fish diet, disdaining book learning, and proclaiming that there was something deep and wonderful in the man who brought the milk and in the woman who watched the cows. One may trace some of the effects of this belief in the tone of his letters at this time; their slap-dash method, their hasty scrawled appearance upon the paper,

the exclamations and abbreviations were all, in part at least, a means of exorcising the devils of the literary and the cultured. But there was too much vigor in his attitude in this respect, as in all others, to lend it the appearance of affectation. It was an amusing disguise; it was in part, like many of his attitudes, a game played for the fun of it, an experiment in living by one keenly inquisitive and incessantly fastidious; and in part it was the expression of a profound and true sympathy which had to live side by side with highly sophisticated tastes and to be reported upon by a nature that was self-conscious in the highest degree. Analyze it as one may, the whole effect of Rupert Brooke in these days was a compound of vigor and of great sensitiveness. Like most sensitive people, he had his methods of self-protection; his pretense now to be this and now to be that. But, however sunburned and slap-dash he might choose to appear at any particular moment, no one could know him even slightly without seeing that he was not only very sincere, but passionately in earnest about the things he cared for. In particular, he cared for literature and the art of writing as seriously as it is possible to care for them. He had read everything and he had read it from the point of view of a working writer. As Mrs. Cornford says, 'I can't imagine him using a word of that emotional jargon in which people usually talk or write of poetry. He made it feel more like carpentering.' In discussing the work of living writers he gave you the impression that he had the poem or the story before his eyes in a concrete shape, and his judgments were not only very definite but had a freedom and a reality which mark the criticism of those who are themselves working in the same art. You felt that to him

literature was not dead nor of the past, but a thing now in process of construction by people many of whom were his friends; and that knowledge, skill, and, above all, unceasing hard work were required of those who attempt to make it. To work hard, much harder than most writers think it necessary, was an injunction of his that remains in memory from a chaos of such discussions.

The proofs of his first book of poems were lying about that summer on the grass. There were also the manuscripts of poems that were in process of composition. It seemed natural to turn his poetry over and say nothing about it, save perhaps to remark upon his habit of leaving spaces for unforthcoming words, which gave his manuscript the look of a puzzle with a number of pieces missing. On one occasion he wished to know what was the brightest thing in nature? and then, deciding with a glance round him that the brightest thing was a leaf in the sun, a blank space towards the end of 'Town and Country' was filled in immediately.

Cloud-like we lean and stare as bright
leaves stare.

But instead of framing any opinion as to the merit of his verses we recall merely the curiosity of watching him finding his adjectives, and a vague conception that he was somehow a mixture of scholar and man of action, and that his poetry was the brilliant by-product of energies not yet turned upon their object. It may seem strange, now that he is famous as a poet, how little it seemed to matter in those days whether he wrote poetry or not. It is proof perhaps of the exciting variety of his gifts and of the immediate impression he made of a being so complete and remarkable in himself that it was sufficient to think

of him merely as Rupert Brooke. It was not necessary to imagine him dedicated to any particular pursuit. If one traced a career for him many different paths seemed the proper channels for his store of vitality; but clearly he must find scope for his extraordinary gift of being on good terms with his fellow creatures. For though it is true to say that 'he never "put himself forward" and seldom took the lead in conversation,' his manner shed a friendliness wherever he happened to be that fell upon all kinds of different people, and seemed to foretell that he would find his outlet in leading varieties of men as he had led his own circle of Cambridge friends. His practical ability, which was often a support to his friends, was one of the gifts that seemed to mark him for success in active life. He was keenly aware of the state of public affairs, and if you chanced to meet him when there was talk of a strike or an industrial dispute he was evidently as well versed in the complications of social questions as in the obscurities of the poetry of Donne. There, too, he showed his power of being in sympathy with the present. Nothing of this is in the least destructive of his possession of poetic power. No breadth of sympathy or keenness of susceptibility could come amiss to the writer; but perhaps if one feared for him at all it was lest the pull of all his gifts in their different directions might somehow rend him asunder. He was, as he said of himself, 'forty times as sensitive as anybody else,' and apt,

The Times

as he wrote, to begin 'poking at his own soul, examining it, cutting the soft and rotten parts away.' It needed no special intimacy to guess that beneath 'an appearance almost of placidity' he was the most restless, complex, and analytic of human beings. It was impossible to think of him withdrawn, abstracted, or indifferent. Whether or not it was for the good of his poetry he would be in the thick of things, and one fancies that he would in the end have framed a speech that came very close to the modern point of view — a subtle analytic poetry, or prose perhaps, full of intellect, and full of his keen unsentimental curiosity.

No one could have doubted that as soon as war broke out he would go without hesitation to enlist. His death and burial on the Greek island, which 'must ever be shining with his glory that we buried there,' was in harmony with his physical splendor and with the generous warmth of his spirit. But to imagine him entombed, however nobly and fitly, apart from our interests and passions still seems impossibly incongruous with what we remember of his inquisitive eagerness about life, his response to every side of it, and his complex power, at once so appreciative and so skeptical, of testing and enjoying, of suffering and taking with the utmost sharpness the impression of everything that came his way. One turns from the thought of him not with a sense of completeness and finality, but rather to wonder and to question still: What would he have been, what would he have done?

SPRINGES TO CATCH WOODCOCKS.

SOMEWHERE in the German Empire — either at Frankfort or Berlin — there is a Mass-Suggestion Bureau. The object of this Bureau is to study the psychology of nations and of statesmen, to float rumors, and to set phrases and movements in motion for the good of the German Empire. The people who are used to spread and disseminate these phrases and movements are the victims of suggestion: they catch a movement as it were from the air without knowing the source of the infection. At various stages of this conflict we have had such phrases as 'Democratic Control,' 'League of Nations,' 'Self-Determination,' 'No Annexations and No Indemnities,' and a 'Clean Peace,' which have all spread one after another like epidemics of influenza, and have attacked the wise and the unwise, the humble and the mighty alike. The way to test the origin of these phrases is to see how they work, and we shall find that they always work in the interest of Germany. Take, for example, the question of Imperial Preference. We know that Germany loathes and dreads that idea above all others. It sends a cold shudder to every German marrow, for every German knows that the wealth and power of Germany have been built up on the free markets and the free raw materials of the British Empire. But let us see how these phrases fight for Germany in this matter. Mr. Walter Long announces that preference is to be given to certain colonial products. What happens? There is immediately a clamor that Imperial preference will make a League of Nations impossible. The League of Nations, it appears, is only possible if

England remains a free trade country. Germany is to be allowed into it, although she has her tariff and her Zollverein. The United States is to be in it, in spite of its high protection. These things are to be allowed in the 'new order' as in the old, but if England gives her Colonies preference it is fatal. Moreover, if England gives her Colonies preference there can be no 'Clean Peace.' We confess this particular phrase had somewhat puzzled us, but now we understand it. *The Westminster Gazette* announces that Mr. Walter Long's proposal is 'against the Clean Peace.'

It is surely time that the British people set aside all this pernicious nonsense and got down to the plain business question of our economic policy after the war. We have a great load of debt, and it follows that we must either increase our production or go bankrupt. How may we increase our production? We have in our Dominions and Colonies the greatest market and the greatest source of raw material ever nation had. But hitherto we have allowed it to be exploited by foreign nations, and in particular by our present enemy. We had once, for example, a flourishing sugar industry: we allowed Germany to kill it and substitute her own sugar in our markets. We once imported the Indian hides to be made into leather in this country. The year before the war Germany took all these hides and we took none of them. We had a great source of wealth in our tropical produce. Germany and Holland took our oil-seeds and made them into margarine and cattle food, which we were allowed to buy. Germany took 40 per

cent of the rice of Burma, and a large part of the remainder had to go to Hamburg to be milled before it was sold in this country. Germany took the Australian ores and refined them into metals, which were sold in England. All these various sources of wealth and industry were exploited by Germany and lost to the British Empire. We were becoming merely the ground landlords. Germany was taking over the making and the marketing, and with the wealth so produced she was building up the power to be used for our destruction. Here, then, is this great wealth which lies to our hands. It should be our policy to develop and make the best use of it, so that the wealth which had flowed into Germany before the war will be preserved to the British Empire, and help to meet our obligations. And not only wealth, for industries are the foundation of national security. We have here an ideal to set before ourselves — to develop and strengthen the economic system of the British Empire so as to keep ourselves solvent and make ourselves secure. To this end our Dominions have for many years been giving our manufactures a preference in their markets. Canada, for example, gives British manufactures a preference of over 30 per cent of her duties. It is the most fortunate of all positions — to have this advantage in the greatest markets of the future. But we can hardly expect to continue to enjoy these advantages unless we offer something in return. Sir R. Borden says, quite correctly, that this is our own affair. Canada does not desire us to do anything which is not to our own advantage. Canada is not a suitor for our bounty; on the contrary, she is in a very strong industrial position. For she is a producer, and she is the possessor of

enormous wealth. We can take it or leave it: there it lies for the picking up; if we refuse it, Canada will not complain: it will be for us to regret it when it is too late.

So with Australia. The Commonwealth is one of the greatest producers of wool, wheat, meat, and ores. She gives us a preference on our manufactures. Are we to give her anything in return? That is a question for us and not for Australia. Mr. Hughes advises us in the friendliest way to seal the bargain while it is yet open, and to make ourselves partners in this great mine of potential wealth and industry. The advice is for our own good, for Australia, like Canada, is in a very strong position. Neither country will plead with us to make an arrangement which is to our own advantage. But Mr. Hughes advises us for our own good, as a fellow citizen of the British Empire. And for giving us this advice he is assailed with the coarsest abuse by the free trade politicians and the free trade press. They ask him, What right has he to give this country advice? He might reply, By the same right which the Australian soldier has to fight and die by the side of our own young men and to be buried in the same trenches. It is the right of a common cause. But we are free to refuse his advice. Shall we refuse it? We do not know. But we confess we are able to gather nothing definite — only nods and winks, which may mean anything or nothing — from the Sibylline utterances of Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Bonar Law. They carry us no farther than Mr. Walter Long. We confess that we begin to entertain a prejudice against the sincerity of these gentlemen, and shall only believe in their intentions when their intentions have been carried into effect.

GLIMPSES OF GERMAN LIFE

SINCE the middle of June the bread ration in Germany has been reduced by one fifth. Last year a higher meat ration provided a certain amount of compensation for the bread that was lacking. Not only will there be no meat compensation this year, but from the middle of August the meat ration will itself be lessened. For the cattle stocks are reaching a dangerous state of depletion, and it behooves the authorities to look ahead.

This is the Ukrainian dream in actuality. The peace with the deluded Ukraine peasants was called the 'Bread peace.' As a matter of fact it has brought neither peace nor bread; and the German burden increases. The newest problem is that of clothes and footwear. In the summer it is possible to economize in shoe leather by walking barefoot. The process is not without its comic relief, as was recently illustrated at Würzburg, where the university students took part in a solemn procession in top-hats, frock coats, and bare feet. As for clothes, the supply is getting low; raw materials cannot be had; substitute materials such as paper have proved a failure and are unpopular; and the Germans have of necessity had to become a shabby people. The latest device to bring about relief is a request by the authorities to the well-to-do to deliver up one suit of clothes from their wardrobes so that the poor may be provided for. The clothes so obtained are mended and cleaned, and sold at nominal prices in municipal clothing shops. But there has been no enthusiastic response to the Government's demand. Berlin, for example, was asked to furnish 75,000 suits by

July 15. Up to July 10, only 29,000 had been delivered up. A raid on private wardrobes was threatened; but perhaps the Government will think twice before engaging on so dubious an enterprise.

The Germans are greatly troubled by their bed-fellows. The crises in Austria, whether political or economic, do not make for harmony between the two senior partners of the Central Alliance. The irritation shows itself in little things. Thus, parcels sent to German soldiers in Austria are seized by the Austrian authorities. The Austrians again blame the Germans for not coming to their assistance when food fails. The Germans reduce the Austrian rate of exchange, and blame the cowardice of the Austrians for their defeat on the Piave. Only the German parties in Austria desire to carry on the war side by side with Germany. And here is another glimpse of mutual love and accommodation. The Government Speaker informed the Imperial Parliament in Berlin that 'the transit difficulties which Austria-Hungary is making for us are indeed defended on the ground of the transit difficulties which we put in the way of Austria-Hungary's traffic with Holland and the Scandinavian countries.' The Hungarians are even worse. Count Tisza gave it as his considered judgment that a complete Customs union between Germany and Austria-Hungary was neither possible nor desirable. Count Karolyi was more outspoken still. If the scheme for a Central Europe were realized, he told a newspaper correspondent, 'we should all become the vassals of one State and lose our independence.'

This is not a satisfactory spirit for the head of the alliance. But it is not so bad as is the spirit which prevails at its tail. There it amounts not merely to discord, but to hatred. For the Bulgars and the Turks do certainly hate each other just now, and any day may bring the news that hostilities have broken out between them. It all arose out of the Rumanian Peace Treaty, according to which Rumania was forced to give the whole of the Dobrudja. Now this territory is divided into two uneven parts. The southern and smaller portion Bulgaria lost to Rumania after the second Balkan War, and this she is to receive back now. But the northern and larger portion Germany intends to hold until after the war, obviously as a pledge for Bulgaria's good behavior. But Bulgaria covets the whole of the Dobrudja and is dissatisfied. What are we getting out of the war? the Bulgarians ask. They put this question to their late Prime Minister, M. Radoslavoff, when he returned from Bucharest. It was because he could give no satisfactory answer that he had to go. The present Bulgarian Cabinet is not so pro-German as the last, and the Germans were shown by its appointment that the Bulgarians might take independent action if they were driven to it.

But this is not the whole story. Complications arose. At the outbreak of the war Turkey had ceded a strip of her territory to Bulgaria. Now that Bulgaria is to receive back the Dobrudja, Turkey claims the return of this territory, which includes the ancient town of Adrianople. But Bulgaria does not see why she should give up anything. The Dobrudja is no concern of Turkey's, she argues. But the Turks are no less stubborn, and the press in each country roundly abuses the other. Germany must of

course keep the peace between the two quarreling allies. If she sides with one, the other may leave her; and with both it is impossible to side. The German diplomatists appealed to patience. Herr von Kühlmann was at any rate clever enough to keep both plates spinning. But his successor, Admiral von Hintze, is the type of German diplomatist who because he thinks he is clever is not clever enough. Whether he will manage to restrain his two poodles from flying at each other remains to be seen. But in the meantime the Central Alliance feels somewhat uncomfortable in the Balkans.

It may not be generally known that a plan is being discussed in Germany in preparation for the failure of the offensive. Clearly, if the German offensive fails now, it has failed finally. There will not be another chance. Is Germany to give in then? By no means. The Germans will withdraw behind a fortified line of strong defenses, where they will dig themselves in. Three fourths of the army will be sent home in order that economic life in the country may be restored. Only a quarter will remain for defensive purposes, the great strain of which will be put on mechanical devices. For the rest, the submarines and the aeroplanes will work away until the enemy is brought to his senses. A simple plan, worthy of a German professor. So great indeed is the German's lack of humor, and so seriously do they take themselves, that it is not outside the bounds of possibility that they may actually carry out this plan. If they do, they will wake up to surprises, and instead of a seven years' war its duration may be considerably less.

If Prussia is the home of the Junkers, Mecklenburg is its fastness. There the Junkers do as they will, and quite recently a squire of the name of Oertzen-

Roggow caught one of his laborers stealing a couple of potatoes. For this heinous offense he decided to punish the man on the spot, and there and then he took the law into his own hands as Junkers are wont to do. He bade him strip, tied him to a tree trunk, and whipped him unmercifully so that the blood rushed down his naked body. In due course this disciple of Kultur was brought before the court in Rostock and sentenced to two months' imprisonment. Not a heavy punishment, it will be said. But the clemency of the Crown — which means the Kaiser — reduced the sentence to three weeks. Comment is surely needless.

These are the people who are courting Irish sympathies. That arch-Junker, Count Westarp, is one of the pillars of the recently formed German-Irish Society, which only a fortnight ago had a half-page advertisement in a Hamburg paper asking for support. 'What is the object of the

The Outlook

German-Irish Society?' the advertisement began. 'To cultivate and maintain good relations between Germany and Ireland,' is the reply to this opening query. The society desires to arrange lectures and distribute literature on Ireland in order that Germans may learn all about the Irish and how England cruelly oppresses them. If Irish nationalism is to develop, it must needs have support. That support Germany can and must vouchsafe. 'An understanding between Germany and Ireland will also be useful to our Fatherland [German altruism!] intellectually, economically, and politically. The present war has sufficiently demonstrated that Germany can boast of but few friends in the world. But among those few the Irish must be counted. Germany should not underestimate the value of Irish friendship, to deepen which will be the main aim of the German-Irish Society.' Germans may be taken in by this appeal. But will the Irish?

A GREAT AMBASSADOR

THE English-speaking peoples of the world will learn with heartfelt regret that the United States Ambassador has been obliged by considerations of health to resign the great position he has adorned since the summer of 1913. To the millions in this country, whose deepest feelings and whose loftiest ideals Mr. Page has often uttered, in words so apt and happy as to fill them with a sense of personal gratitude and affection, his departure means separation from a dear and honored teacher and friend. His mission has been an

event in the history of mankind, but very specially has it been an event in our history and in that of the great republic which went forth from among us, and to which he has helped to unite us by ties stronger and more intimate than ever knit other peoples. America has sent us many great representatives who have won golden opinions by their literary distinction, their social charm, and their manifest good will to us and ours. None has had so great a work to do. None could have done it with a surer instinct or with a

more unfailing perception of its unspeakable promise for mankind. It was theirs to lay the foundations; it has been his to raise the arch, and the success with which he has raised it is the best tribute to their labors. The secret of that success is to be seen in his first speech in this country. Already he discerned in the relations of 'the two great kindred nations . . . liberty loving as of old and confident of the broadening of the bounds of freedom,' a good augury for 'the spread of justice and of fair dealing and for the firmer establishment of the peace of the world,' and he asked that he might live among us 'as a working member of the great English-speaking democracy, which, with local variations, has in every part of the world the same large aims.' The master-thought recurs in his words a few months ago — 'There is no such thing as the American colony in London, thank God; we mingle with our British friends.' When he had been with us but a few months — long before we dreamed of war — it ran through the address with which he inaugurated the monument commemorating the sailing of the Pilgrim Fathers from Southampton. He spoke of that memorial as 'one of the pillars of the hope of mankind,' and he assured his hearers, who thought as little as he of the meaning to be attached later to his words, that in the United States, 'yet English led and English ruled,' the 'high, grim spirit of the Pilgrim still lives' — albeit Priscilla still works her will there, or perhaps because she still works her will there, as she worked it three centuries ago.

From the outbreak of the war until the memorable day when, her patience outworn, America drew the sword upon Prussia-Germany as 'the natural foe to liberty,' the task of the Ameri-

can Ambassador required great judgment, temper, and tact. It was inevitable that the naval war should raise awkward and complicated questions between ourselves and the chief neutral Power, and these questions were the more delicate because they touched upon old controversies between ourselves and the United States. Mr. Page managed them with perfect loyalty to his own country, but also with understanding for the difficulties in which we stood. With an unerring grasp of the real issues involved, and of their significance to America as well as to the Allies, he recognized the worth of our 'sure shield against the subjugation of the seas and the threatened attacks on lands beyond them,' to use words he employed himself four months ago. But his position was difficult, and the declaration of war undoubtedly came to him as an immense relief, as it did to all Americans who shared his moral and political ideals. Henceforth he was free to speak his mind, and we know with what vigor and what true wisdom he spoke it. His speeches at the Pilgrims' dinner last year, and at Plymouth a little later, develop and apply the views and principles he had conveyed when first he came among us, with an eloquence, a knowledge, and a breadth of view proper to the highest statesmanship. They are the views and principles of President Wilson, expounded by a thinker who has got to the kernel of the British national character. He has himself told us the conclusions he has reached. He has not found that English and Americans are the same people. He warns us that in many respects the differences between them are marked. But their friendship is instinctive and necessary. It is founded upon a rock, for it depends not merely on common blood and institutions, on common

language and literature, but on the same conception of right and wrong. 'The same human coin rings true to each of us, and the same rings false.' We have the same views of individual liberty and of free government, of honor and of truth. 'These are the essential things, and in these we have always been one,' and in them we must remain one while we are true to ourselves and to our fathers. In the earlier of these speeches Mr. Page said that he doubted whether there could be another international event 'comparable in large value and in long consequences' with the closer association between England and America which this war has wrought. He regarded it, he declared, as 'the supreme political event of all history.'

The London Times

He can return to his own country, as he has told us his predecessors have been wont to do, 'as from a visit to a hospitable older home, with their knowledge of the family broadened,' and he returns, as they have done, leaving nothing but kindliness and affection in the hearts of his hosts. But he bears with him besides the glad consciousness that he has done more than almost any other man to broaden knowledge upon this side also, and, in broadening it, to consummate that friendship of the English-speaking race on which mind and heart have taught him that the peace and happiness of the world depend. No consciousness can be prouder; no felicity deeper or more just.

WAR-TIME FINANCE

GERMAN WAR FINANCE

As Germany has continued throughout 1918 to maintain the invidious distinction of being the only one of the leading belligerents which has used the war as an excuse for not publishing national accounts, the inquirer into German war finance is still met by the initial difficulty of having no real indication as to the cost of the war to that country. Even if the Imperial returns of expenditure were published, we should be far from having figures comparable to those of other countries, as much of what appears as war expenditure in the budgets of other nations, in Germany is borne by the Federal States or municipalities. At the same time, bearing the above in mind, we

may take the votes of credit passed by the Reichstag as an indication, at least, of the minimum of direct war expenditure, the upward limit being a matter of pure conjecture. With the vote of £750,000,000 recently passed, the total voted for direct war purposes by the Reichstag since the outbreak of war amounts to £6,950,000,000 of which somewhat more than £6,200,000,000 will have been expended by the end of July. Vote of credit expenditure, it may be added, is now said to continue comparatively steady at about £6,250,000 per day.

The method by which this expenditure has been met has varied in no way during the fourth year of the war from that of the preceding period. As before, two loans have been issued,

in March and September, and, as before, money has been provided during the intervening six months by the issue of Treasury bills. This method of finance has at least the advantage of regularity, and as long as money, in some form or other, remains plentiful, the German people would appear to have been schooled into meeting these regular demands with commendable promptitude. The objections, however, are obvious. In the beginning the Imperial Government embarked on a deliberate policy of inflation, in the hope that a speedy victory would bring fruits in the shape of an indemnity which would obviate the necessity of calling upon its own people to bear the burden of its aggression. By the time this hope had faded the Government had not the courage to change its plan. The policy of inflation has been continued steadily, without any provision whatever being made for meeting these war charges other than by borrowing. Taxation has been introduced, late enough and reluctantly enough, but merely for the purpose of meeting so-called 'normal' civil expenditure and interest on war debt, and it is very doubtful whether even part of these charges have not already been met by borrowing. In no other country than Germany would it have been possible in this way to throw the main burden of the war on the poorer classes, while leaving those better able to pay comparatively free from any immediate burden of increased taxation.

On paper, the two loans of the past year have been a great success, the seventh loan, of September, 1917, yielding £631,000,000, the eighth loan, of March, 1917, yielding £750,000,000, or £44,000,000 more than the previous record of £656,000,000 realized by the sixth loan. The explanation of this is to be found in the large quantities of

ready money in the country, resulting, on the one hand, from rapidly increasing inflation, and, on the other from the realization of all stocks of raw material, the supply of which is, in most cases, now practically exhausted. Large as these loans have been, however, they have not been able to keep pace with the increase in expenditure, so that the boast made in the earlier part of the war that expenditure was being covered by long-term loans is no longer heard. Out of the total expenditure of £6,200,000,000, or more, referred to above, not more than £4,398,000,000 has been covered by long-term loans, loans for the service of which, as will be shown later, no permanent provision has been made.

Particular satisfaction is expressed in Germany that these loans have been raised with little help from the loan bureaux, of which foreign critics made so much play in the earlier part of the war. On the surface, again, the German apologists have some justification, since, as compared with this total of £4,398,000,000, the bureaux on July 6, showed a total of loans outstanding of only £475,000,000 or not much more than 10 per cent, even on the hardly tenable assumption that this money had all been borrowed directly or indirectly for the purpose of subscription to the war loans.

Nevertheless, the loan bureaux play a more important part than would at first sight appear. In order to appease the growing uneasiness of subscribers, who saw themselves forced to tie up more and more of their capital in war loan stock, the Government has let it be known that the loan bureaux would continue in operation after the war and that advances on war loan stock would always be made on very liberal terms. The ingenuity of this device as a means of insuring its immediate end is obvious. The inevitable corol-

lary, however, that in this way inflation is to continue almost as merrily after peace has been declared as during the war, has been discreetly ignored.

To obtain an accurate measure of how far this inflation has already gone is impossible. To take note circulation alone is obviously misleading, particularly in view of the violent efforts that have been made, especially during the last year, to extend the use of the check, and in other ways to limit as far as possible the use of notes. For what these figures are worth, it may be said that the total note circulation of the country at the end of June, including Reichsbank notes, State Bank notes, Treasury notes, and loan notes, stood at £1,030,000,000, as compared with £109,300,000 on July 23, 1914. Reichsbank deposits, again, stood on June 30, at £459,100,000, as compared with £47,600,000 on July 23, 1914, while the deposits of the eight 'great' banks, even at the end of 1917, stood at £800,000,000, as compared with £250,000,000 at the end of 1914, £362,000,000 at the end of 1915, and £500,000,000 at the end of 1916.

As has been said already, Germany's war taxation has been confined to the ostensible purpose of covering the 'normal' budget, but since this normal budget has been shorn of all military and naval expenditure, the claim that sufficient money is being raised by taxation to meet interest on war debt — even if true on the present artificial arrangement, which is more than doubtful — is completely misleading as to the future, since military and naval expenditure will revert, after the war, to the 'normal' budget, and will, in this way, upset all such calculations. As it is, it was not until 1916-17 that the Imperial Government took its courage in its hands and imposed any taxation at all. As far as

indirect taxes are concerned, the results for that year from new taxes on tobacco, receipts, and bills of lading, and increased postal rates were, according to Count Rödern, £16,250,000. In 1917-18, a total of £52,500,000 was raised, of which £32,500,000 is ascribed to the taxation introduced in 1916, and £20,000,000 to new taxes on coal and transportation. The yield on the new taxes introduced during 1918-19, is estimated for that year at £59,000,000 (*i.e.*, one half-year's receipts), which, together with the receipts from the new taxes of 1916 and 1917, are to make up a total of £131,500,000. Under direct taxation can only be included the Capital Increment Tax of 1916 (a flattering imitation of our war profits tax), which is calculated to have yielded £275,000,000 in 1917-18, and has not been repeated for the current year, its place being taken by the War Profits Tax on companies, calculated to yield £30,000,000. The showing is not a good one, even if we include, as does Count Rödern, the £50,000,000 of the Defense Levy, introduced in 1913, but collected after the outbreak of war, and the £20,000,000 from the Property Tax, the increase in which was also decided on before the war. As will be seen, the new taxation collected and to be collected by the Empire from the outbreak of war up to the end of March, 1919, is, on this generous interpretation, only £375,000,000 from direct and £200,250,000 from indirect taxation, or a total of £575,250,000.

When it is remembered that only the £200,250,000 indirect taxation is permanent (another example of the long suffering submissiveness of the German workers), it will be realized what trouble Germany has laid up for itself by following its easy and showy policy of war finance. The normal

revenue of the Empire before the war was somewhere about £150,000,000. To this we may add the above £200,000,000, although, of course, it is impossible to foretell what the actual peace yield will be. Against the £350,000,000 revenue thus reached we have to set a post-war expenditure which has been variously calculated at anything between £600,000,000 and £1,000,000,000, and which will certainly be nearer the higher figure than the lower. These figures give some justification to the Pan-German prophets who declare that for Germany there is no alternative between so complete a military victory that the extraction of enormous indemnities in one form or another is possible, and complete financial ruin.

The Economist

WHO PAYS THE TAX?

It should be remembered that while the wealthy and the well-to-do classes of society pay the income tax, super-tax, and, if in trade, their excess profits tax, the poor man indirectly pays all

these taxes, but in a different form. In reality, he pays them in what for convenience we colloquially call high prices, or, to express it somewhat differently, by 'short commons.' That is to say, a very large proportion of the poor man's earnings goes in actual food and clothing, and under the present system of rationing neither the food nor the clothing has the nourishment value or the heat-protecting value that they respectively possessed in pre-war days. It means, in fact, that a day's work yields more as things are in money value, but in reality very much less in actual consumptive power; and it is in consumptive power that our efforts are really rewarded. We cannot eat Treasury notes. Neither can we clothe ourselves in them. And when we say that prices have advanced abnormally, all we really mean is that a long day's work does not admit of our buying as much nourishing food and as good a suit of clothes as was possible to those who lived in England, say, in the nineties of last century.

The Statist

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Two volumes of *Letters of Swinburne*, edited by Mr. Gosse, are announced for early publication. These letters, now first published, cover the whole of Swinburne's life from 1858 to 1909.

Edna A. Brown, who has written seven or eight stories for the diversion of girl readers, contributes to their entertainment this season *At the Butterfly House* (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.). It describes happenings in the home life and school life of a group of young people in a little town. There is plenty of incident and plenty of humor, but the humor is not strained, and the incidents are not improbable. What is more important, the characters are real boys and real girls; their relations are not touched by premature romance; and they live a simple and merry life. John Goss contributes half a dozen illustrations.

The central figure in Rena I. Halsey's story of *America's Daughter* (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.), is a charming young girl, one of a group of school girls who have organized themselves into a club called 'Daughters of America,' and, under the care of a teacher, are exploring old New England towns—Salem, Plymouth, and the rest. Their experiences are diverting, and enough of New England history is wrought into the story to make it worth while; but the underlying interest is the quest of the young heroine—who, as a baby, had been stolen and abandoned—for some trace of her parents. A related interest, somewhat similar, is the quest of a young Belgian girl

for her mother, from whom she had been separated during the German invasion. The story is engagingly told and, needless to say, it ends happily. Seven full-page illustrations, by Nana French Bickford, add to its attractiveness.

No constant reader of English magazines and journals can have failed to notice how large a part of the best poetry of the war has been written by soldiers in the trenches and hospitals, and how often it has carried the editorial note 'Killed in action.' In view of this fact, special interest attaches to the announcement of a volume by A. St. John Adcock, soon to be published in London, entitled *For Remembrance: Soldier Poets Who Have Fallen in the War*. It will tell something of the lives and personalities of forty-four such poets and reveal from their poems the ideal for which they fought, and the hope in which they died. The book will be illustrated with twenty portraits in photogravure.

Francis Rolt-Wheeler, in his latest book, *The Wonder of War on Land* (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.), has achieved two results very satisfactorily: He has written a story which boy readers will find thrillingly interesting, and he has interwoven so much information about the causes of the great war and the methods of its prosecution that his book might well find a place in the school schedules where the need of such instruction is increasingly felt. Horace Monroe, the young American boy who is the central figure, is a pupil in a Belgian

school when the German invasion begins. He hears the far-off German guns; he sees the beloved master leave in haste to join the army of defense; and, stirred by what the master tells him of Germany's treachery and by the stories of an old reservist, he does his share in the defense of Liege and in later engagements, as messenger, dispatch-rider, and military telephonist. There are forty-two illustrations from war photographs and sketches.

Mr. Arnold Bennett, not content with his fame as novelist and playwright, has turned artist. He has illustrated a book by Mr. Ionides and Mr. J. B. Atkins with really delightful water-color sketches. One recalls Thackeray's illustrations to his own books, and in recent days Mr. Chesterton's humorous illustrations to a novel by Mr. Belloc, as examples of author-artists. Mr. Arnold Bennett's versatility in being a novelist, dramatist and artist *The London Chronicle* remarks, is shared by Mr. Morley Roberts, who is all three and a rhymist to boot. Mr. H. G. Wells has a talent for caricature, so perhaps he may some day play the part of illustrator to his own or another's text. And perhaps, also, some enterprising owner of a gallery will one day bring together the pictorial efforts of such well-known people — unprofessional pictures by spare-time artists.

M. René Delcourt has published in Paris a book called *Expressions of German and Austrian Slang*, collected from war-time newspapers and books, and very largely from expressions of soldier-slang used by prisoners. There is a grim humor in many of the terms. The Zeppelin is known as 'England's Schrecken' (England's terror). Entente airmen are 'die Habichte'

(the hawks), and an airman who comes regularly over the German lines is 'der Stammgast' and 'der Abonnent' (the regular subscriber). The names for bombs include 'Eier' and 'Ostereier' (Easter eggs). The flying people seem to have names for everything. They call foggy weather 'Flaschenwetter' — i.e., bottle-weather, weather in which, for lack of other occupation, one has to sit down with a bottle. Mobile anti-aircraft sections are called 'Ballonabwehrkanonenzüge,' a word the regular employment of which might seriously delay operations. All the guns have names. The 155 and 210 are termed Max and Moritz, which will be remembered as the names of two celebrated performing apes. For shrapnel the Germans use 'Tsching-bum'; and they have words in great plenty for every sort of missile, starting, in flight, and landing. 'Die Bulldogge,' surprisingly, is nothing English, but an Italian gun in Southern Tyrol. The many names for a machine gun include 'alte Weibergosche' (gossiping hag), 'Totenorgel' (death-organ), 'Mähmaschine' (mowing-machine), 'Fleischhackmaschine,' and 'Kaffeemühle' (coffee-mill). The cavalry call the infantry 'Hurrahanaille,' another name for the infantry being 'Kilometerschwein.' The infantry retort with 'Flying Dutchmen.' The English soldier is 'Tommy' and 'the footballindian,' which is pretty clumsy. The Russian is known as Ivan and 'the running association'; the French are, among other things, the Ohlalas (derived from the cries of their wounded), the Wulewuhs and the Parlewuhhs, which last is a traditional English name for them. The German soldier's descriptions of his food draw freely on words like 'shrapnel' and 'granite'; he calls a potato a 'field-gray.'

THE CATTLE WAY

BY OLAF BAKER

Oh, come with me the high way, the
hill way, the wind's way!
Oh, come with me the cattle way
along the windy downs!
For the way they drove the cattle is
the road for men to travel,
Above the roar of traffic and the tur-
moil of your towns!

There's ploughing on the fallow, and
there's hoeing in the turnips,
There's hedging and there's ditching,
and a score of lusty jobs;
But I've heard the cattle calling, and
my heart has cried its answer,
And I'm out upon the upland with a
blood that burns and throbs.

There's a high way, the downs' way,
that's over Thunderbarrow,
There's a low way by Lancing where
the galleys used to sweep;
But we'll take the high way, the grass
way, the wind's way,
Where the neolithic shepherds drove
their prehistoric sheep.

You may brag of royal cities where
the walls are steep with statues,
You may tell me of tall belfries where
the carillon is dinned;
But I will show you sculpture that
goes grandly on in Heaven
Where the eye can scarcely follow the
swift chisel of the wind.

You may keep your civic splen-
dors, your Renaissance and your
Gothic,
You may deck yourselves in fancies
that the finest brains have spun;
But I'll show you hawkbit, centaury,
ragwort,
And how a field of charlock flings its
challenge to the sun!

And when the twilight deepens, and
I hear the curlew whistle,
And a low and creeping splendor
haunts the spinnies to the east,

Then I'll hold my soul suspended, and
I'll lift my eyes in worship
With the half of me that's spirit, and
the half of me that's beast.

A truce to your chatter of motors and
machinery!
Go, leave me to my chalk-land, my
marjoram, and thyme!
For the moon shall be my lover, and
the sun be my mechanic,
And the wind shall cleanse my body
from the sordidness of rhyme.

Oh, come with me the high way, the
hill way, the wind's way!
Oh, come with me the cattle way
along the windy downs!
For the way they drove the cattle is
the road for men to travel,
Above the roar of traffic and the
turmoil of your towns!

The Poetry Review

IN HONOR OF AMERICA

BY ALICE MEYNELL

In antithesis to Rossetti's *On the Refusal of Aid
Between Nations*

Not that the earth is changing, O my
God!
Not that her brave democracies take
heart
To share, to rule her treasure, to
impart
The wine to those who long the wine-
press trod;
Not therefor trust we that beneath
Thy nod,
Thy silent benediction, even now
In gratitude so many nations bow,
So many poor: not therefor, O my
God!

But because living men for dying man
Go to a million deaths, to deal one
blow;
And justice speaks one great
compassionate tongue;
And nation unto nation calls 'One clan
We succorers are, one tribe!' By
this we know
Our earth holds confident, stead-
fast, being young.

The Times